

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by Girl Scouts

APRIL, 1932



Stories by
Dorothy Verrill
Ellis Parker Butler
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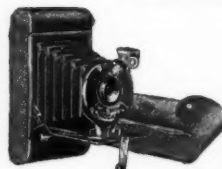
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Along the Editor's Trail

APRIL is a disturbing month. Somehow the clear sunlight and soft rain, the first whiffs of spring in the air, the green buds and tiny spurs of grass, even the wagons of potted hyacinths and tulips that rattle slowly along the city streets, produce a strange feeling of restlessness. I imagine if someone were to inquire into the subject of young runaways it would be discovered that most boys who fled to sea to be buccaneers or started to tramp their way around the world, left home in the spring. Of course, I can't prove it, but I firmly believe it could be proved by anyone with an inquiring mind who cared to look into the matter. Statistics having become, it seems, a large part of our modern life, there is probably somewhere a formidable column of facts marshaled beneath every heading under heaven including "Running Away—Reasons For."

But many of us—most of us, in fact—don't want to run away altogether as the heroes in some of the old stories used to. We like our own kind of life too well—our friends, our home, our work, and our good times. What to do, then, for spring fever?

An antidote for some people is spring housecleaning. It may sound hopelessly prosaic, but it is possi-

ble that the first woman who made a rite of cleaning house in the spring did it because she felt that she had to "do something or burst." New curtains, freshly painted furniture, well-waxed floors, either at home or in your Girl Scout Little Houses, will bear witness this year to the spring urge for motion.

Another favorite occupation to allay spring fever is walking—through woods and along country roads carrying lunch and sometimes dinner to cook and eat out-of-doors. But Girl Scouts, at least, know all about that antidote, and countless Saturday hikes and weekend camping trips are no doubt being planned at this very moment.

Still another way of conquering spring restlessness is gardening. There is something deeply satisfying about turning up the earth, and raking and hoeing and planting. Delphinium, bluer than heaven, golden marigolds, feathery pink and white cosmos—these and more will be your reward.

Yes, spring is a disturbing and delightful time, a time for gypsyng, it is true, but for those of us who aren't gypsies at heart, it is a time to be *doing*, which in its way can be just as satisfying as *going*.

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PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

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Friendship Garden

THE Hoboken Girl Scouts have a garden around their Girl Scout Little House of which they are very proud. They call it a "Friendship Garden," because everything in it has been the gift of friends—garden hose, tools, sprayers, as well as the flowers and plants. But the work has been their own. And they *have* worked.

When the plot of ground was given them in 1927, it was a hastily smoothed over mass of disintegrated mortar, brick, sand and stone, the site of an old school. Today the Friendship Garden is the pride of the neighborhood—the one beautiful spot in an area surrounded by old-fashioned brick flats and stores.

Rustic gateways, a bird bath, bird houses, a tiny pool, and blossoms from March almost to December make it a real garden, occupying the only open space anywhere about. Practically the entire task of planning and working the garden was done by the girls themselves. In the fall of 1927, they cleared a tiny space, removing several wheelbarrow loads of brick, old mortar, and flagstone, and putting in a few shrubs which were given to them. These were set in pockets of top soil—another gift—and although the ten little bushes looked most forlorn all winter, in the spring they bravely put forth leaves. Eventually a cold frame was built on the south side of the Little House, and has proved most satisfactory for starting young plants in the spring.

By the spring of 1929 the young gardeners were so pleased with their progress that they began to draw plans of the garden as they hoped it might be, and to dream of their realization. A space approximately 100 feet by 15 feet was laid out, and all the beds carefully outlined with bricks. This was the first job for which it was necessary to employ a man. One of the local builders contributed the services of a workman for a day, to turn over the beds, and remove the heavy flagstone fillers.

A rose bed was begun, and was dug out to a depth of three feet, then a layer of clay was put on to prevent too rapid drainage. On the clay, top soil enriched with fertilizer was placed. This again was a donation of a local business man. Poles for support were added, and finally the bushes themselves planted. Hardy things, such as irises and chrysanthemums, were planted that year. In the fall, more shrubs, a few trees, and a lily tub were added. In 1930 the garden really began to show results, the girls and officers were enthusiastically doing all the work, and learning as they worked. The garden gate was added, then two bird houses, a bird bath, and a feeding station. Some perennials were put in that year and the shrub border was finished. More perennials were added in 1931.

Effort has been made to arrange the plantings so that the garden may be of the greatest use to the girls in their nature study. There are more than seventy-five varieties of plant life in the garden. The girls enjoy studying the infinite variety of color and form of their own crocuses and daffodils, peonies and pansies and poppies, roses and lilies, phlox and marigold and sweet william and, as the summer ends, watching brave chrysanthemums enduring the buffets of autumn's cold breeze.



THE last few issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL have met with high favor, if the nice letters we've had this month are any sign. The February issue in general and the serials, especially, are popular, although most of you are reserving judgment on *Face West* until you have read more of it. The ending of *Polly What's-Her-Name* seemed to be quite satisfactory to most of you. Betty Davis of Willits, California writes, "I think the ending of *Polly What's-Her-Name* was wonderful. I liked that serial better than any you've had yet, and I think *Face West* is going to be another good one." "Polly What's-Her-Name ended just right," says Betty Jane Hopewell of Takamah, Nebraska. "To my notion it was a perfect story! The new serial is grand. It's so interesting and I'm crazy about all the characters—especially Arley and her mother."

THE NEW serial is just perfect," says Billie Akins of San Diego, Texas. "Arley is darling, and the illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett are grand. Martha Gabosch of East Orange, New Jersey writes, "I must tell you how marvelous *Face West* is. I love girls like Arley, and her friends are especially interesting." Betty Myers of Schenectady, New York writes, "Polly What's-Her-Name is the best serial I have ever read. It was original, exciting and surely interesting." "Polly turned out beautifully and I think that the new serial is starting out to be fine, too. I have a feeling it's going to be pretty exciting," writes Jane Moore of Oakmont, Pennsylvania. Miriam Trautman of Wilson, Pennsylvania thinks that Polly was simply marvelous. "*Face West* is so good that I can hardly wait until next month to see if they find Arley's Uncle Anthony," she writes.

EMILY ERSKINE of Madison, New Jersey says she didn't think much of *Polly What's-Her-Name* because there wasn't much excitement in it, but she thinks the beginning of the new serial is very good. We can promise Emily lots of excitement in *Face West*. "There has been only one story I didn't like," says Carol Jahne of White Plains, New York, "and that's *Polly What's-Her-Name*. I just couldn't get interested in it. The last chapter was by far the best, though, and the end was delicious." Carolyn Lindhjem of Mount Vernon, New York says, "Polly What's-Her-Name was dandy. It seemed to have everything that girls like all intertwined—mystery, excitement and adventure. The new serial certainly sounds exciting. I've already had about four men in mind for that Anthony Wainwright."

A FEW of you didn't care much for Bender in February, but most of you liked him a lot. Celeste Shannon of Quan-

Well, of All Things!

tico, Virginia writes, "I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed reading the Bender story. I thought it was grand." "Bender Sees Red is a perfectly marvelous story," says Abbie Bodfish of Boston, "and I do so like Mary Ponton Gardner's illustrations for it." Nell Irene Erickson of Mindoro, Wisconsin writes that she did not care for Bender, because she does not like animal stories. "Let's have some more of Mary Ponton Gardner's illustrations," writes Martha Webb of Mountain Lakes, New Jersey. "They're terribly original and clever."

MARION EHRLINGER of Janesville, Wisconsin writes, "I like animal stories and Bender just suits me. *Bender Sees Red* was very, very good and I certainly hope we have some more stories like it pretty soon."

IT SEEMS that *Mary Ellen Taps* apparently filled a long felt want. Polly Noyes of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania writes, "The article on tap dancing is splendid. I have taken lessons, but the instructions in the article were so simple to follow that before I knew it I had done the whole waltz routine." Phoebe J. Ringo of Westtown, Pennsylvania says she thinks that it was a splendid story. "It is the best of those that you have had yet," she writes. Sara Louise Ekins of Old Saybrook, Connecticut says, "In the February issue I went wild over *Mary Ellen Taps*. I have been following the instructions that Mary Ellen was given and it is working out quite well."

I THINK *Mary Ellen Taps* was very cute," says Lorraine Lewis of Lexington, Kentucky. "I love all of Mary Ellen's stories, and I hope you publish more of them." Clemence Myers of Hastings, Nebraska says she didn't like the last Mary Ellen story. She thought there was nothing to it. Janis Hunt of Rochester, New York thinks *Mary Ellen Taps* wasn't as interesting as usual while Eleanor Meyer of St. Paul, Minnesota says, "I simply had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed reading *Mary Ellen Taps*. I do hope you will

have another of Mary Ellen's adventures in next month's magazine." Let us know how you like this one, Eleanor. Phyllis Moore of Cherrydale, Virginia liked it because she thought it was funny, and still it gave her a good idea of how to go about learning to tap. Bettie Kunkle of Leavenworth, Kansas liked it so much that she even went to the length of having taps put on her shoes and taking it up seriously.

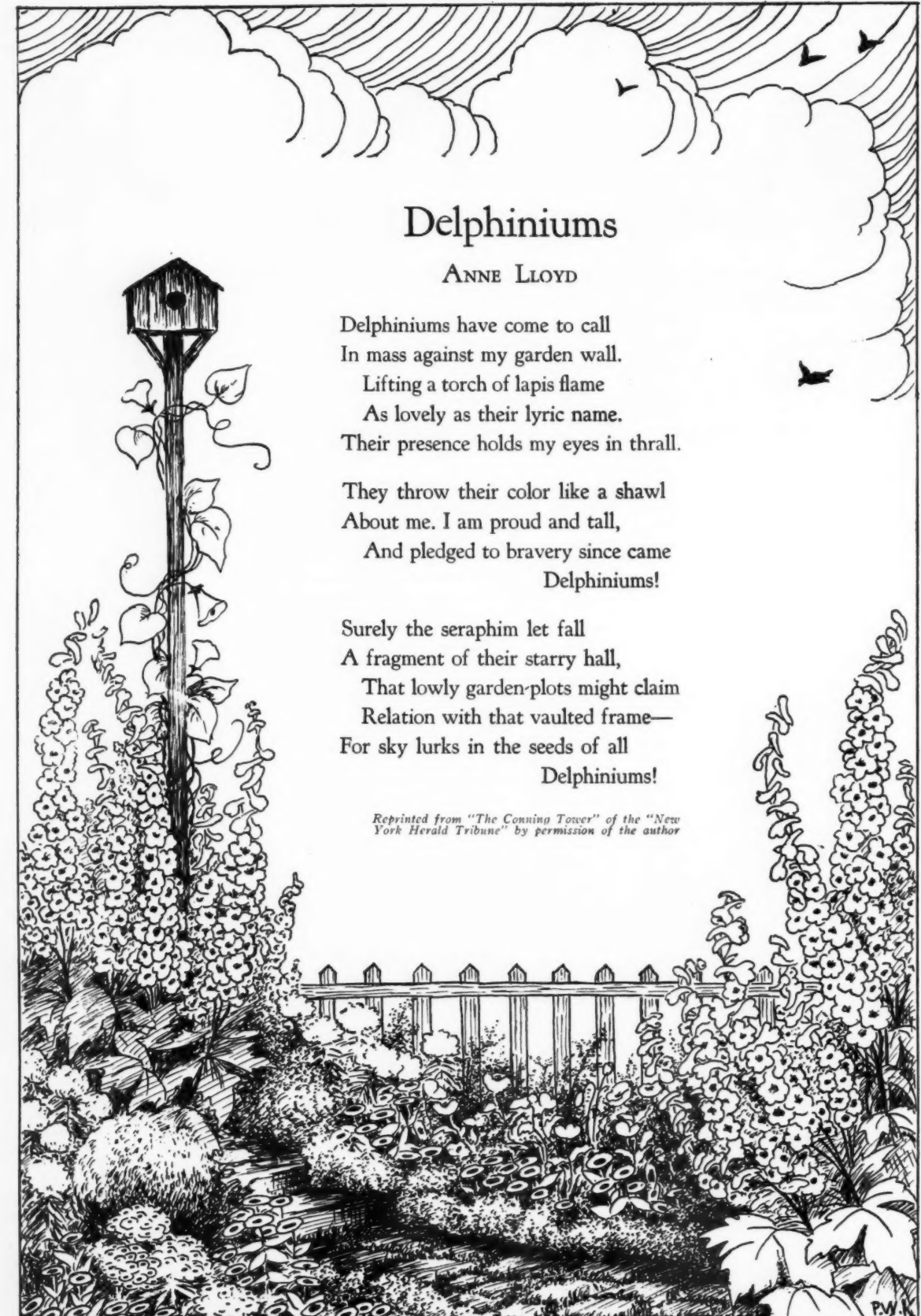
THOSE of you who have been asking for more Patsy stories will be glad to see *Patsy Cracks a 'Chute* this month. We hope you'll like it as well as the others.

Miss Cades' article, *Given a Face*, proved to be even more popular than most of hers are. Lura Brown of Toledo, Ohio writes that she enjoyed it this month especially. "Hazel Rawson Cades' articles are always helpful and interesting," writes Emily Roberts of Millburn, New Jersey. Maude Dabbs of Hartsville, South Carolina says, "I liked Miss Cades' article awfully well. It wasn't boring, as most beauty articles are, and wasn't too long. I like Katherine Shane Bushnell's illustrations, too." Polly Noyes, who wrote to us about Mary Ellen, says she thinks the article on faces was great. Clemence Myers, also quoted above, says: "*Given a Face* has proved a very useful and helpful article to me, as it would to any girl."

AS FOR general praise of the magazine—we have plenty this month. Mary Frances Akers of Ivanhoe, Virginia says she can't find a thing wrong with the magazine—it's just perfect. "I certainly enjoy reading all the stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL," writes Elsa Lapp of Le Roy, New York. "I've been reading the magazine for over a year now and it has been my favorite ever since I got my first number."

I THINK THE AMERICAN GIRL is a fine magazine," says Helen Elliott of Englewood, New Jersey. "I enjoy it very much. It always seems years between the issues." Adele Gross of New York City says she has been a reader of the magazine for over a year, and she thinks it's the best she's ever read. Adele liked the January issue especially. "I just can't tell you how much I look forward to receiving my AMERICAN GIRL," writes Marjorie Gross of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, "but any other subscriber knows how I feel. Three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL—its covers, stories, illustrations and special features."

How do you like the new *Who's Who in This Issue* page? And please write and let us know if you mind having the puzzles only every other month instead of monthly.



Delphiniums

ANNE LLOYD

Delphiniums have come to call
In mass against my garden wall.
Lifting a torch of lapis flame
As lovely as their lyric name.
Their presence holds my eyes in thrall.

They throw their color like a shawl
About me. I am proud and tall,
And pledged to bravery since came
Delphiniums!

Surely the seraphim let fall
A fragment of their starry hall,
That lowly garden-plots might claim
Relation with that vaulted frame—
For sky lurks in the seeds of all
Delphiniums!

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

APRIL • 1932



By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

The Send-and-Fotch Book

TWILIGHT was weaving dusky blue threads through the warp of the tree branches as Nancy Davis stepped from the back door of the log cabin that squatted like a gray toad on the bank of Dog-leg Creek. For a moment she paused, feeling herself a part of the pattern of the Kentucky forest. Only a whippoorwill's soft call and the murmur of the water broke the stillness.

"Hit's that still you could nigh hear the roots of growing things a-pushing through the ground," she murmured to herself. "'Pears like a pretty spring night like this oughter quiet my spirits and keep 'em from festerin' fer want of a new dress. But la me! Hit's sech a sweetie dress—leastways the picter in the book makes hit seem so. Gin I had that dress I could hold up my head to be above even that proud-ful Mary Perkins."

With a shake of her tousled brown head as though to brush aside troublesome thoughts, Nancy tilted up her pointed chin and in a high sing-song called out, "Here pig-wee, pig-wee, pig-wee. Here piggy, piggy, pig." Her call trailed away over the narrow valley. She paused. Then in a loud, guttural tone added, "Ugh—ugh—ugh."

There was a rustle at the edge of the clearing and an elephantine hog lumbered into the open. From the gourd in the crook of her arm, Nancy threw out table scraps. "Hit's a pure pity you hain't got ary appetite, George Washington," she chuckled. "Ary sence we found you half starved last winter you been eating more of our vittles than us young-uns put together."

"Nancy, oh, Nannie," called a small girl from the door. "Won't you leave us study on the send-and-fotch book now? We'll both be mighty keeful of it—honest."

"Shore 'nough. I'll get hit fer you," answered Nancy. "Bye, Washington. Come on into the house, children."

Inside the one-room cabin a fire flamed on the stone hearth, casting vagrant shadows on the log walls and lighting up the faces of the small boy and girl and old man as they sat before it. From the mantel Nancy took down the brilliantly colored mail order catalogue and dropped down on a hickory stool close to the fire.

"Lemme hold hit," cried Tom, making a grab at the book.

But Nancy hugged it close in her arms. "Fer shame on you, Tom Davis. We got to gentle this book. Never have we had sech a pretty thing afore and hit's untelling when we'll e'er ag'in possess one. You and Lucy stand beside me and look on whilst I turn the pages. La, Gran'pappy," she added, smiling up at the old man, "I shore wish you could pleasure in this book, too."

Gran'pappy blinked his faded eyes. "I shore do crave to look, too, gal. Gin my eyes could see right I'd read off as smart as you, fer I reckon I'm the onliest old body on Dog-leg Creek as can read."

The girl nodded. "You're the knowigest man hereabouts. Ary body knows hit's your eyes 'n' not your skullpiece that don't work to do no good."

"Haste, Nannie. Show us the play pretties." Tom nudged his big sister impatiently. Intently the three scrutinized the toys.

"There's one o' them engine buggies like teacher narrates about." Tom pointed to a toy automobile.

"And there's a store least-un. Hain't hit sweetie-looking," cried Lucy indicating a doll pictured on one of the pages.

The toys entirely inspected, Lucy asked to turn to the

clothes. "I plumb hate to look at wearing things," Nancy said hesitantly. "Hit hurts my feelings to see clothes we need so turrible bad and can't buy."

Lucy's face was wistful as she eyed the models in the dress section. "Them dresses is too pretty to wear," she sighed. "I allow folks jest buys them to gladden their hearts by looking on them ary day. They don't never wear them, do they?"

"Silly-wit," scoffed her brother. "Course folks wear them. Hurry up and leave me see the overalls. They're what I want."

But Lucy hovered over the dresses. "That blue one's the dress I hungers atter," she said. "And Nannie wants that red one. Don't you, Nannie?"

Nancy said nothing but stared at her favorite. It was a large colored style plate—red and white print with perky ruffles. "That's jest the kind of dress I been a-crav-ing all my days—only I didn't know hit," she thought. "Gin Mary Perkins could see me in sech a fine frock—"

She bent close to the page and read below the picture: "One of the loveliest dresses \$1.35 ever bought. Study its lines a moment! The graceful drooping bow—the graceful ripple of the new flounced cuffs, of the fashionable peplum ruffle in front, of the all around flared skirt, the easy curve of the fitted waist! Picture the gay red background with white figures. Remember that the fabric is guaranteed washable. Sizes fourteen to twenty years—\$1.35."

Some of the words Nancy did not understand. But they sounded grand, like poetry the teacher read in school. She shut the catalogue abruptly.

"Oh, Nannie, I hain't finished looking!"

"Lemme see the overalls."

But Nancy was firm. "Gin we look on hit much longer we'll get to craving things so bad we won't pleasure in ary thing we have or do."

Gran'pappy looked at her understandingly. "Nancy's right," he quavered. "Hit's a pure pity to think too much on what we hain't got."

Nancy stood up and put the catalogue back on the mantel. "Shuck off your clothes, young-uns, and go to bed," she said.

When the rest were asleep Nancy crawled out of bed and wrapped a quilt around her shoulders. "I'm weak, pure weak," she thought as she took down the catalogue and crouched beside the hearth. By the light of the dying embers she stared at the red and white dress, reading again and again, "One of the loveliest dresses \$1.35 ever bought."

May slipped slowly into June. Every day from sun-up to sun-setting the Davis children hoed corn in the steep patch that lay high on the hillside above the cabin. The children's legs ached. Their backs ached. The sun was a great hot hand pressing mercilessly down upon their heads. Nancy hoed with slow even strokes. Several rows above her, Tom and Lucy lifted their hoes jerkily, stopping often to rest.

"Psst, Nannie. Thar comes Mary Perkins," warned Lucy.

Nancy pushed back her straw hat. Sure enough. Picking her way up the slope was a girl in a crisp black and white calico. Mary's father was the biggest moonshiner on Dog-leg. It was no wonder that Mary always had pretty dresses and even wore shoes in summer time. Nancy disliked Mary because of her superior manner while Mary bore a grudge against the other girl for beating her in a spell-down before school closed. Their manner bespoke their mutual dislike.

"Howdy," said Mary, not too warmly, yet affably enough.

"Howdy," Nancy gruffly returned the greeting. She was acutely aware of the tear in her skimpy skirt and of dust on her legs and face.

"I jest been down to the store sending off an order fer some new clothes," volunteered the visitor. "I figgered I'd need a new dress fer the anniversary celebration."

Tom and Lucy edged down the hill. "What cel'bration?" asked Tom.

"Why, ain't you heern tell? Thar's going to be great goings-on in Windsor-town—fireworks 'n' a merry-go-round 'n' speeches 'n' the governor hisself will be thar."

"Really!"

"The governor!"

"Yes. I allow folks from ary holler fer miles around will be thar. Hit's too bad you got young-uns and an old grandsir' to keef fer, Nancy. I don't reckon you'll be going. Will you?"

"Likely not," Nancy answered.

Tom and Lucy raced down to the cabin to tell their grandparent the news and Nancy followed as soon as Mary had left.

"To think that the governor of this great Kaintucky-land will be thar!" exclaimed the old man when he heard the news. "I'm too trimblish to go the twenty mile to Windsor-town, e'en gin we had a mule to ride. But you young-uns

can go. There's no need for you to stay home with me."

Tom and Lucy set up whoops of glee, but Nancy's face was sober. "I don't feel to go without you, Gran'pappy," she said. "I'd ruther bide at home."

"Shame on you, Nancy Davis," scolded Gran'pappy. "Would you keep the young-uns from paying honor to our grandsir's that made this Kaintucky-land free from the English rule? I'm nigh the end of the trail. But you young-uns are jest putting foot to life. You need to see great folk like a governor so's you'll everly grow big in your deeds and thoughts."

"What'll we wear?" cried Lucy.

Nancy frowned. "Fer massy sake, I don't see how we can go to Windsor-town! Tom's trousers are nigh worn through the seat. And Lucy's calico has more holes than our picket fence. This dress of mine is so short I'm ashamed to have even the chickens see me in hit."

Gran'pappy blinked in distress. "I hain't never put countenance to vanity," he said. "But I'd ruther you stayed home than to be unseemly clad in the presence of the governor."

"Aw shucks! We can't go then. We'll never get money fer clothes," grumbled Tom.

"Pears like we never do have ary frolicking," choked Lucy.

"Waal, mayhaps we can contrive clothes some way," said Nancy, but in her heart she was doubtful.

One noon several days later as Nancy was putting corn-pone to bake on the hot hearthstones, Tom burst in the door crying, "Nat Hill and Sam Perkins are quarreling at each other over George Washington. They both claims him."

Nancy flew outside, Gran'pappy hobbling after her. The two men down at the picket fence took no notice of the children as they eyed the hog who was rooting around the porch.

"That thar's my hog," shrilled Nat Hill. "Hit run wild last summer with my other shoates but hit never come home in the fall. Hit's my own hog I tell you, Sam Perkins."

Apple Petals

LIKE a sunset—tinted snow,
On a green hill, a gold hill,
They drift, and stir, and flow
As they will.

I dip my fingers deep
In the pink mass, the white mass;
I let the petals creep
Through the grass.

Not a prince of high degrees
In a strange land, a far land,
Could have pearls as rich as these
In my hand.

MARY S. HAWLING

"That's jest how come me to lose my hog," declared Perkins. "See that long scar on that creetur's left shoulder? Waal, my brute had a scar jest like that. He laid down on my scythe and cut hisself."

"Shucks, ary hog is likely to get cut up in the brush. That ain't nary proof. That's my hog and gin you doubt hit look at hits left hind leg. See? Hit's shorter than tothers."

"Hit is that," reluctantly agreed Perkins.

"Yes, and hogs can't shorten their legs theihselves. Their legs are born right or not right. Now my hog was born with three right legs and one short-like. That's my hog fer sartain 'n' I'll jest take him long home."

"Neither of you is toting that hog away," cried Nancy.

The men turned to her in surprise. "How come you by that hog, gal?" drawled Perkins.

"He come here nigh starved last winter," answered Nancy. "We fed him like a least-un fer months. Being's how you hain't sartain you ever even seen him afore, I'll keep him." Her eyes flashed and her voice was determined.

"Dad-burned, but I craves that shoate," grumbled Perkins.

Nancy's eyes narrowed. "Fer-why don't you buy hit offen me?"

The men shuffled their feet in the dust.

"Waal, I don't—" began Hill.

But Perkins smiled in a superior manner. "I'll give a dollar."

Hill's mouth dropped in surprise but Nancy turned and walked away. "A dollar!" she said scornfully over her shoulder.

"Hey, gal, I'll part with two dollar," called Hill.

"Four," shouted Perkins.

"Four-fifty." The men glared at one another.

"Five dollar," boomed Perkins.

Nancy hastened back to the fence. "He's yourn. Gin you got the money you can tote him home now."

In awed silence the others watched Perkins open a worn leather pouch and extract five crumpled dollar bills. Who

but a moonshiner could possess that much money at one time! Nancy stretched out her hand. Her fingers trembled slightly as they gripped the bills. "Run fetch a rope fer Washington," she told Tom in a voice husky with suppressed excitement.

"Waal, five dollar's a right smart bit of money," said Hill as he started off to follow Perkins and the hog down the trail. "That money'd buy enough store vittles to last our folks all winter. I'm right proud I didn't squander ary cash. Besides the shoate hain't as fine looking as I jedged it was at first."

As soon as the men were out of sight, the Davises hugged one another excitedly.

"Now we can buy some clothes," squealed Lucy.

"We'll go to Windsor-town."

"You can see the governor," beamed Gran'pappy.

All afternoon the family pored over the catalogue, Gran'pappy hovering around the children giving advice and trying unsuccessfully to distinguish the objects on the pages. At last the list was completed and Nancy read aloud: "shirt fer Gran'pappy, seventy cents; overalls fer Gran'pappy, seventy-nine cents; shirt fer Tom, fifty cents; overalls fer Tom, seventy-nine cents; dress fer Lucy, seventy-nine cents; dress fer me, one dollar and thirty-five cents."

She paused. "Hit ain't seemly fer me to get a costlier frock than Lucy. I—"

"Shucks, gal, you need that red dress fer your sperrit's good," said her grandfather. "Now you tote that order right down to the store and have Lucas Wiley back the letter fer you 'n' help you fill out the order paper proper."

As Nancy stood up, the catalogue slid off her lap to the floor. She stooped to pick it up. It was open at a page of queer looking articles. Beneath the largest one pictured there she read: "For those who can't see to read, this magnifying glass is a blessing. Guaranteed to make letters three times their normal size. Even the weakest eyes can see when this is used. It sells for only \$1.20." (Continued on page 34)

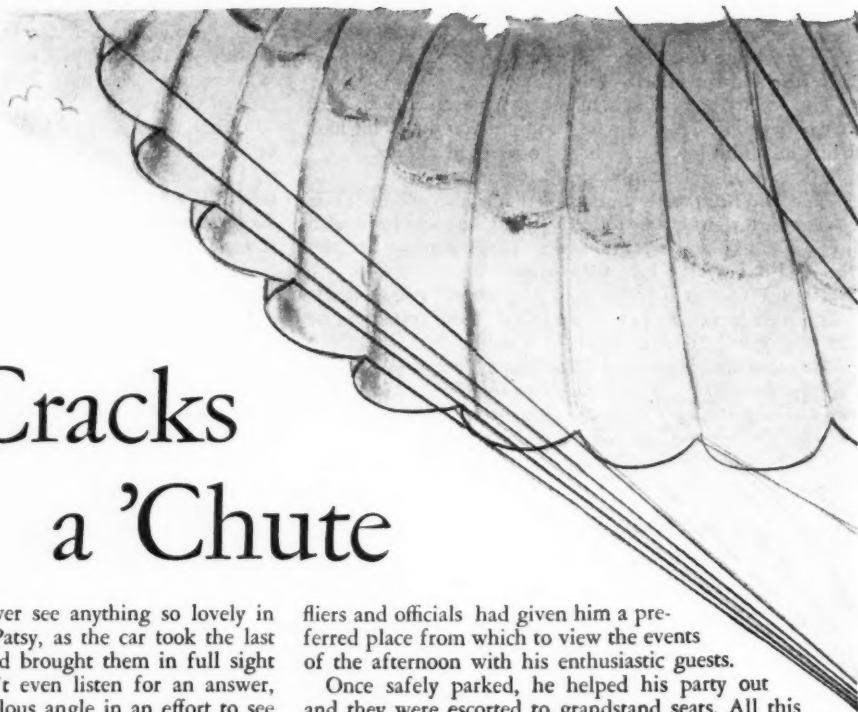
NANCY TILTED UP HER POINTED CHIN AND IN A HIGH SING-SONG CALLED OUT, "HERE, PIG-WEE. HERE, PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY, PIG"



*Another story
of the air by*

DOROTHY
VERRILL

Patsy Cracks a 'Chute



OH, BETTY, did you ever see anything so lovely in your life?" squealed Patsy, as the car took the last turn from Mineola and brought them in full sight of Roosevelt Field. She didn't even listen for an answer, for she was twisting at a perilous angle in an effort to see out the side window of the sedan and look overhead where a roar of motors sounded from the sky. Her father, driving quite calmly, laughed indulgently and her mother, sitting beside him in the front seat, leaned forward to see for herself what had brought this outburst of enthusiasm. As for Betty, she, like Patsy's other school friends, had grown accustomed and resigned to having that young lady dash madly to the nearest window of Miss Murdock's school in New York, at the first hum of an airplane.

Patsy's father, who was Pat senior, being really Patrick Richardson Todd, a war-time flying ace, glanced at his enraptured daughter and exchanged a smile with Betty.

"It is a pretty nice show, isn't it?" he asked her. "But somebody has to keep cool and collected, or we'll never get nearer. Gosh, look at this traffic!" he added, with abrupt use of the brakes.

Sure enough, the road was jammed with automobiles, all awaiting their turn to get within the great gates and find parking space about the field. It was a beautiful spring day, a balmy Sunday afternoon, with fleecy little clouds frisking across a blue sky, and all the trees and fields adorned in fresh, clean green. Golden sunshine and a light breeze, ideal weather and the news that an aviation meet surpassing anything of the sort before attempted was to be staged for charity at one of America's most famous flying fields, had combined to bring out thousands of spectators, and Patsy was far from being the only visitor staring avidly at the sky.

For there, far above, groups of gold and gray planes were going through the breath-taking evolutions that only experienced military fliers can attain, rolling, diving, zooming and looping about with a magnificent roar of engines and dizzy flashes of wings brought into light and shadow as they whirled through their aerobatics, the red, white and blue emblems of Uncle Sam showing again and again, as they seemed to escape collision and disaster by mere inches.

Slowly the Todd car crept along with the line of others, until at last the gates were passed, and a parking space found, not far from the grandstand and the loud speaker. For, once he had come to the entrance to the field, Mr. Todd's fame as a flier and his acquaintanceship with other

fliers and officials had given him a preferred place from which to view the events of the afternoon with his enthusiastic guests.

Once safely parked, he helped his party out and they were escorted to grandstand seats. All this time Patsy had been silent and it was a long time for that effervescent girl who was a licensed pilot herself to remain quiet in sight of so much really exciting air activity.

"What's the matter, Pat?" asked her father, gently chaffing her. "Are you sorry you came?"

For answer she simply squeezed his arm, and her eyes shone as she looked at the field.

"Oh, Dad," she said at last. "It's so beautiful! I never realized there were so many ships in any one place. And so many different kinds!"

One of the field officials who had come to join them, overheard this remark.

"Why, Todd!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't your daughter know about the Fokker?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't had time to do Roosevelt Field justice," said Patsy's father with mock contrition. "I just packed her in and brought her out because she likes airplanes."

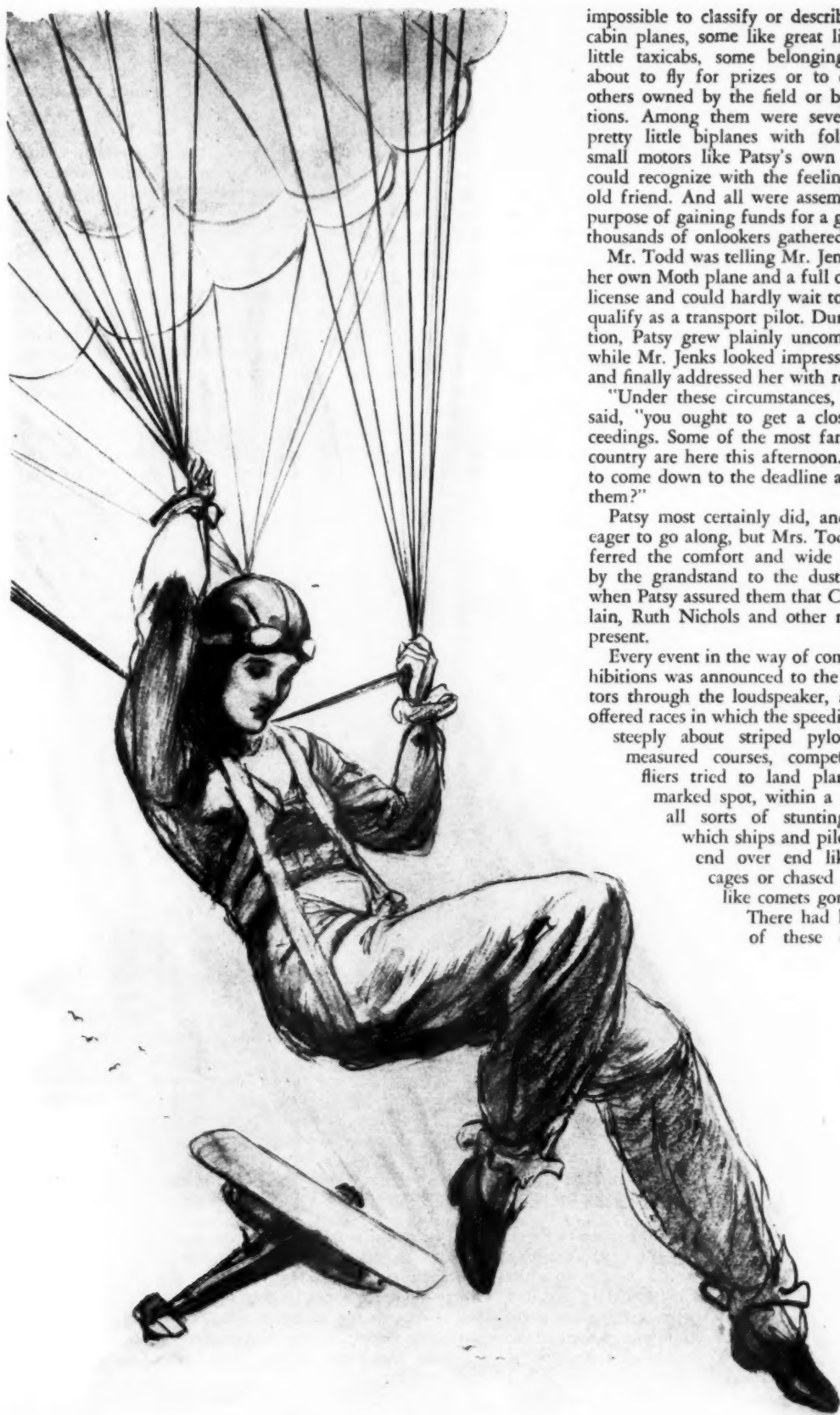
"Well, what is it about a Fokker?" asked Patsy eagerly. "Fokkers are what they are always shooting down in war pictures," remarked Betty with an air of profound knowledge. "And they hold thirty people."

"Yes, Red Knight of Germany and all that," agreed Mr. Todd. "But you have the war and peace Fokkers mixed up, Betty. The one that Mr. Jenks is talking about and that makes Roosevelt Field so proud is a genuine war ship, with black crosses and everything. And it actually flies."

"Oh, oh, I'd love to see it in the air," said Patsy, looking around as if it might appear at any moment.

"Well, you might at that," responded Mr. Jenks. "It belongs to Bert Acosta and, of course, a Fokker, even twenty years old and full of bullet holes, is nothing to him. He says he could fly a barn door if it had the right kind of engine."

Patsy was looking at the marvelous array of planes along the dead-line now, scores of graceful, colorful ships waiting with motors idling over or the propellers quite "dead," while mechanics stood beside them and pilots waited in the cockpits. Great white and silver cabin "jobs," little open monoplanes and biplanes in white or bright blue or scarlet or orange, in green and black and bronze and combinations



impossible to classify or describe, big and little cabin planes, some like great limousines, others little taxicabs, some belonging to individuals about to fly for prizes or to carry passengers, others owned by the field or by flying corporations. Among them were several of the slim, pretty little biplanes with folding wings and small motors like Patsy's own ship, which she could recognize with the feeling of meeting an old friend. And all were assembled for the one purpose of gaining funds for a great charity, with thousands of onlookers gathered to watch.

Mr. Todd was telling Mr. Jenks that Patsy had her own Moth plane and a full commercial pilot's license and could hardly wait to be eighteen and qualify as a transport pilot. During this explanation, Patsy grew plainly uncomfortable and red while Mr. Jenks looked impressed and interested and finally addressed her with real respect.

"Under these circumstances, Miss Todd," he said, "you ought to get a closer view of proceedings. Some of the most famous fliers in the country are here this afternoon. Don't you want to come down to the deadline and meet some of them?"

Patsy most certainly did, and her father was eager to go along, but Mrs. Todd and Betty preferred the comfort and wide outlook afforded by the grandstand to the dust and walk, even when Patsy assured them that Clarence Chamberlain, Ruth Nichols and other noted pilots were present.

Every event in the way of competitions and exhibitions was announced to the crowd of spectators through the loudspeaker, and the program offered races in which the speeding planes banked steeply about striped pylons marking the measured courses, competitions in which fliers tried to land planes on a certain marked spot, within a limited area, and all sorts of stunting exhibitions in which ships and pilots went whirling end over end like giant squirrel cages or chased each other about like comets gone mad.

There had been a half hour of these diversions when

*Illustrations
by
Addison
Burbank*

SHE GRASPED
THE SHROUDS
AND PULLED

Patsy's father returned to where his wife and Betty were waiting. Just as he arrived, the last exhibition had ended and the announcer was braying forth a message to the field.

"The nex-x-xt event on the program," he was saying, "will be parachute jumping for landing on a mark. The white circle in the center of the field constitutes the target and the jumper who lands on it, or nearest to it, will win a silver trophy and one hundred dollars in cash. There are three competitors. The first, a young lady who is making her first jump, will descend from three thousand feet. Ladee-eez and gentlemen, let us introduce the little parachute jumper in the red biplane now about to take off. The pilot is John Lincoln, who has flown hundreds of parachute jumpers—"

Here the red biplane which had been standing at the take-off point with its propeller idling over, suddenly roared as the motor was revved up and moved to head directly into the wind. Mr. Todd seemed to grow suddenly tense and alert. The announcer had paused as the red biplane drowned his voice, but now he resumed:

"All ready, ladeez and gentlemen, the little lady in the red plane is about to make her first jump and will attempt to land on the mark. Let me introduce Miss Patsy Todd, sixteen years old and a licensed pilot."

Several things happened all at once. In the front cockpit of the airplane, a slim little figure in a white mechanic's uniform, encumbered with parachute harness, rose until the head in its white canvas helmet and goggles was visible, and waved an arm toward the crowd. In the grandstand Mrs. Todd turned to her husband, "Oh, Patrick, do you think she'll be all right?" and little Betty Stevens stood up and waved back toward the biplane, shouting, "Good for you, Patsy! Go to it!" with such excitement that she actually jumped up and down. Mr. Todd looked just a little uncomfortable, looked, in fact, very much like a small boy found with jam on his fingers, though he was sure nothing would happen to Patsy.

"She'll be all right, dear," he answered his wife, reaching out to take her hand. "They were short a jumper, so when Jenks seemed grieved about it, Patsy offered to go, if I didn't mind. After all, honey, it's a good thing for every flier to make a jump—gives them confidence in their 'chute in case of a real emergency. You know it's required at army flying fields and there isn't a speck of danger with a modern parachute and a good pilot on such a calm day."

"Yes, Mrs. Todd," chimed in Betty. "Of course Patsy'll

be all right and I can just imagine what a kick she'll get out of doing it. I've heard her talk about 'cracking a 'chute' lots of times, whatever that means."

"It means just what she's going to do now," said Mr. Todd. "Watch! They're taking off! We mustn't miss a bit of this act."

The white costumed girl had resumed her seat in the cockpit and with the help of field officials and mechanics was adjusting her equipment. Then they could see her and the pilot in the rear cockpit pull down their goggles, the motor roared again, and the mechanics, at a signal from the pilot, pulled the blocks away from under the wheels of the plane. It rushed forward, nose down, tail level, then almost imperceptibly, took the air. Upward it flew, in a long, lovely line, banked, turned and spiraled higher, with another blithe wave of Patsy's hand as the tilting of the ship let her look down on the things below where she knew her parents and Betty were watching. To them, the scarlet wings and fuselage seemed to fade into the blue of the sky and the dazzling sunshine with almost incredible speed.

Darker, smaller and more remote grew the plane, climbing in great circles. And as it went into the heavens, the other ships that had been exhibiting, came down to earth, one by one, landing softly and withdrawing to the deadline, so that the sky was cleared for Patsy and her parachute.

The whole adventure was almost as much of a surprise to Patsy as it was to her mother and Betty. She had always wanted to try a parachute jump, and she could scarcely believe that in a few moments her wish would come true. She remembered her father's advice as he had climbed up on the wing before the ship left the deadline to proceed to the take-off point.

"Remember," said Pat Todd, "that this is not an emergency jump, so you will have the full co-operation of John, here. He has dumped lots of jumpers and

he'll help you out in every sense of the phrase. When he tells you to bail out, go ahead. Remember what they've told you about the rip cord and slipping the 'chute, and don't worry too much about landing on the mark; any safe landing is enough for your first attempt. Remember what the parachute jumper is supposed to say when he leaves?"

"Yes," said Patsy smiling. "The farewell remark is 'Here goes nothing.'"

"Well, remember we don't feel that way about it," answered her father. "Here goes a (Continued on page 39)



PATSY SMILED, CALLED OUT TO THE PILOT, "HERE GOES NOTHING!" AND STEPPED OFF



IDEAS FOR EASTER PARTIES—HERE THEY ARE, FROM TINY PLANTS IN SHELLS TO LUSCIOUS DESSERTS

Eggs at Easter Time

FOR the last week, all my odd moments have been spent blowing eggs, coloring the empty shells, and making them into favors, flower pots, and bouquets, and since I could not throw away the contents, my family has eaten custards, scrambled eggs and French omelets, *bors d'œuvres* and salads until I no longer dare mention eggs.

And what a variety of dishes can be made from that little sealed white package, the egg, to say nothing of the numbers of Easter things that can be made from the shell. I am led to wonder why the hen is spoken of so unflatteringly; any creature that furnishes such a delicious, useful and versatile food as the egg deserves only the highest praise.

Probably most of you know how to blow an egg, but in case you don't, here is a method that I have found successful. Hammer a pin—I use a knife blade as a hammer—into each end of the egg. Carefully enlarge the hole in the large end with the sharp end of an ice pick or hat pin, and if you use the latter, give a twirl or two with the pin to mix the white and yolk, then shake or blow them out into a bowl.

By WINIFRED MOSES

Eggshells, either plain or colored, make fascinating little favors for parties. The easiest way, especially if you do not want to dye the eggs, is to draw little faces on them with a wax crayon or paint them on with water colors. Then set the eggs in small soufflé cups, and top them with another for a hat. The hats may be decorated with rosettes, feathers, bands, or queues.

To color the shells I have tried several methods—boiled them in hot dye, dipped them in liquid made by soaking colored tissue paper in cold water, tried a dye sold especially for coloring eggs, and painted them with water colors.

These colored eggs may be filled with tiny candies, or a little gift—a gay pencil, a tiny lemon fork, a little flower.

You may get still another effect by attaching stems made of green wire wrapped in green tissue paper to the eggs which gives you a gorgeous, exotic and extremely decorative bouquet of egg flowers. This gives a grand effect, but it takes up a lot of eggs. It is really very effective, however, and it would be fine for a centerpiece at an Easter luncheon.

The eggshells, filled with candies (Continued on page 43)

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Illustrations by
Catharine
Lewis

MARY ELLEN TRIED A FEW PUTTS. AT FIRST SHE MISSED THE HOLE, BUT SOON THE BALL BEGAN TO DROP INTO THE CUP WITH GRATIFYING REGULARITY



Mary Ellen Golfs

IT ALL started when Mary Ellen Scott and I went to the movies one night in the spring of her senior year at Danford College. I forget what the feature picture was, but one of the "shorts" was a Bobby Jones golf lesson, and it impressed Mary Ellen.

"Golf," she said, as we left the theatre and headed for The Den's soda fountain, "looks easy."

"It is," I assured her cautiously, "the way Bobby Jones plays it."

"Would you care to go back to your old job as my athletic advisor?" she asked suddenly, after a long pull at her chocolate soda.

"Well," I hedged, "I could teach you some of the fundamentals, but it's so easy to get into bad golf habits that you ought to take some lessons from a professional to develop good form."

Mary Ellen nodded. "From what I've observed," she said, "golf is a grand game and I'd like to try it. As long as our Danford registration cards entitle us to a reduced—what do you call it?"

"Greens fee?"

"—greens fee," she went on, "I think it's a shame we don't take advantage of the golf course. It's a lovely one and we ought to use it."

"Everybody's doing it," I told her. "Miller and I get out about once a week. Well, tomorrow we'll get you a set of clubs from Stan Osborne and see what can be done. Ordinarily, people start by learning to drive, but that's the hardest stroke in golf, so we'll fool 'em and start with the

easiest—putting. Then we'll work back through the approach shots to the drive, and I'll let McKay, the club pro, teach you that one."

Next day after classes Mary Ellen and I stopped in at Stan Osborne's sport shop and looked at a raft of clubs lined up in racks against the wall.

Mary Ellen picked up the shiniest club of the lot. "I'll take this one," she announced crisply.

"Wait a minute!" I laughed. "You've picked out the longest club in the shop! It was made for a six-footer. Besides, you'll need more than one club."

"I have just the thing for you," Stan put in. "All the essential clubs in a canvas bag for only umpty-bzz dollars! Here's a driver, brassie, mid-iron, mashie, niblick, and putter."

Mary Ellen wrinkled up her nose. "Hasn't it got a widget or a mushy?" she asked.

"Sh-h-h!" I said.

"The driver is forty-one inches long," Stan went on. "That's a good average size for women golfers."

"But what'll I do with all these clubs?" frowned Mary Ellen.

"Leave that to me," I said. "Put a couple of fifty-cent balls in the pocket, Stan, and we'll get going."

In the bus on the way out to the eighteen hole college course, I told Mary Ellen some of the fundamentals of the game.

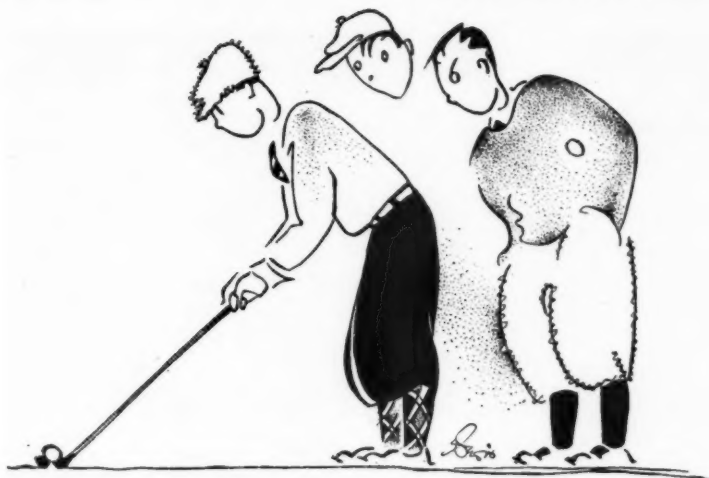
"First place," I said, "you drive the ball off what is known as the tee, headed in the general direction of the green where the hole, or cup, is located. The distance varies with different holes."

"I learned that," said Mary Ellen, "when I was two years old."

"The area between the tee and green," I went on undaunted, "is known as the fairway, but the fairway may be obstructed by hazards such as bunkers or sand traps, or a stream of water. The brambles, bushes, long grass, trees and what-not that line the sides of the fairway are known as the 'rough.' The idea is to keep the ball out of the rough but if you get in there, which you will, you can either play it out or pick it up and throw it back on the fairway. Picking it up costs you a stroke, though, and hurts your score."



SHE LACKED SOME DIRECTIONAL CONTROL. "THE IDEA," I SAID, "IS TO KEEP THE BALL OUT OF THE ROUGH"



DO NOT STAND IN BACK OF PEOPLE WHO ARE DRIVING—IT IS BAD ETIQUETTE

"How about all these clubs?" Mary Ellen inquired, nodding at the set she had bought, after having handled and weighed with a most professional air nearly every club in the store.

"Well, the driver is, of course, for driving off the tee. The one that looks like the driver except that it has a brass sole is the brassie, used on the fairway when you want to get lots of distance. Those are the 'wooden' clubs. The mid-iron is also used on the fairway for distance, but being an 'iron' it won't give you the distance of a brassie. The mashie is for 'approach' shots—any shot within twenty to a hundred yards of the green. The niblick is for getting you out of trouble such as over bunkers and out of sand traps, or grass; and for very short approach shots."

"I've seen a dozen or more clubs in some bags," Mary Ellen said. "What are they—spares?"

"There are lots of different clubs," I grinned, "but you won't have to worry about them now. The clubs you have will get you into and out of enough trouble as it is."

"No doubt," said Mary Ellen.

"Each club, as you'll notice, has a slightly different pitch. The face of the driver is almost at right angles to the ground but the brassie and the irons are designed to lift the ball more and are pitched accordingly. The niblick has the deepest pitch of all, so you can lift the ball almost straight up if you want to. But don't think about them today. We'll work on the putter. Here we are."

We got out of the bus and walked into the clubhouse where we paid our fees and said "hello" to McKay.

"I'm stealing your stuff," I told him. "Mary Ellen wants me to teach her golf."

"Okay with me," smiled the pro. "But don't forget to tell her the things I told you. She could pick up the game herself, you know, but she'd probably develop some faults that would be hard to correct later on."

"I'll be careful," I said. "And I'll leave the tough work for you to do."

The practice green was, fortunately, unoccupied. I handed Mary Ellen her putter, dropped a ball on the grass about five yards from the hole and said, "Let's see you drop it into the cup, Mary Ellen."

Mary Ellen grasped the club as if it had been a carpet sweeper, took one quick look at the hole, and then tapped the ball. It rolled unerringly toward the cup and fell in with a loud plop.

"Whuff!" I gasped. "Now I won't be able to tell you anything!"

"Let's try some approach shots," she grinned broadly.

"Wait," I said. "That was just luck and you know it.

Look—here is your correct putting stance. Feet spread a little to give you easy balance, ball nearer the left foot than the right, body bent at the waist, arms close to the body but free to move, and putter almost perpendicular to the ground. Don't cramp yourself."

"Got it," said Mary Ellen. "No wonder I could never make a good score at midget golf."

"Hold the club like this," I went on. "And remember this overlapping grip because it's used for every stroke in golf, from driver to putter."

Mary Ellen nodded.

"Wrap your left fingers around the shaft," I explained as I demonstrated, "so that the shaft rests along the points where the fingers meet the palm of the hand; then place the thumb on the upper side of the shaft, pointing toward the head of the club.

"The right hand grasps the shaft ahead of the left in the same manner except that the left thumb is covered by the lower part of the right thumb, and the little finger of the right hand rests in the crack between the first and second fingers of the left hand. Both thumbs are now on the same line, on the upper side of the shaft, pointing toward the clubhead."

"I see," said Mary Ellen.

"Now in putting, you use mostly the wrists and forearms, but you do not move the head or sway the body. Keeping your eye on the ball, you move the clubhead back slowly about a foot or so, then bring it forward and *sweep* the ball toward the hole. Let the clubhead 'follow through.' And now is the time to start learning *not to look up* at the ball after you've hit it—keep your head in one position always."

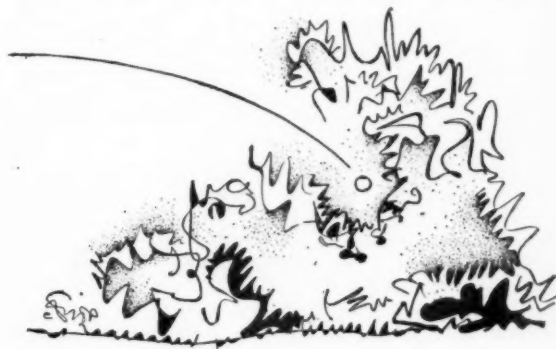
Mary Ellen tried a few putts. At first she missed the hole entirely but after she got the knack of keeping the clubhead at right angles to the line toward the hole, the ball began to drop into the cup with gratifying regularity. Mary Ellen was cheered.

"Don't rush your strokes," I warned her. "And don't think about anything except putting. Learn to putt before you take up the more difficult strokes. Most beginners don't realize that championships are won or lost on the putting green. If you take two or three strokes to get onto the green and waste two or three putting, you can easily see that you're playing half of your game on the green, and not getting on very well with it, either."

"Never thought of that," murmured Mary Ellen. "Isn't it natural of me, though, to want to drive a ball a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards instead of just to tap it with this putter?"

"Perfectly," I agreed, "but don't let the driver tempt you until you're able to sink those putts easily right and left."

And she didn't. We spent the (Continued on page 38)





THIS GARDEN WITH A CIRCULAR POOL, BUILT IN THE HEART OF A WOOD ON LONG ISLAND, IS A PEACEFUL PLACE FOR MEDITATION

Gardens as a Profession

Annette Hoyt Flanders studied landscape gardening because she had too little to do; now she's busy every day in the year—and loves it

ANNETTE Hoyt Flanders says it with gardens. She builds the kind we dream about,

By MARGARET NORRIS

so beautiful they speak for themselves far more eloquently than words. From Long Island to California this broad land of ours is dotted with country estates that have bloomed to new beauty at her touch. She has restored many famous Virginia homes to their original plan in Colonial days. She has laid out or remodeled many magnificent estates in Westchester County, Long Island, Lake Forest. Her office on East Fifty-seventh Street, New York is hung with photographs of gardens she has made—formal and informal, English, French and characteristically American. Here is a vista of terraces with marble pillars, statues and fountains and behind it a glimpse of a house that might be called a palace. Here is a quaint old New England cottage peeking through rows of apple trees. Here is a hunting lodge in the natural wildness of Wisconsin lakes and woods. Here is a detail of a border with sixty thousand Darwin tulips.

Nor has her work been confined to this country. At present she is working on designs for a flattering commission in Honolulu as well as another in southern France.

"Of course I shall do both," she said. "Each is just one week's journey from New York and at different seasons of the year, one in the spring, one in the fall."

Then she made a surprising statement for a woman who earns her own living.

"I really welcome the depression. It will give me a chance to rest and study. For ten years I haven't known what leisure is. Recently in reading a diary I found that in one

full year I had had exactly four holidays, including Christmas and the Fourth of July. And there were

only twelve nights I did not work, staying on the job often until after midnight."

Plenty of American women have made an interesting and profitable career of landscape architecture, but few have been as successful as Mrs. Flanders. In the twelve years since she started this work she has gone to the top of the ladder. When you talk with her you understand why. Along with unusual talents she has an infinite capacity for work and a driving ambition for perfection. Mediocrity is little better than failure to her.

"We can all do anything we want to," she says. "All we need is normal intelligence and the determination to get there. We all have the instrument—a brain; we just have to polish it up."

Under such determination even a handicap can be turned into an advantage.

"I was just well started in my work," she explained, "when one day as I was reading on the train everything suddenly went dark. I realized to my horror I was blind. I remained blind for nearly a year. Had I not been under the care of an expert, I might have been so permanently. My attitude toward blindness was one of intense resentment. I wouldn't learn Braille; I wouldn't knit; I wouldn't do any of the things that make life endurable to the blind. I refused to resign myself to it. Life was monotonous through those long months. Day is no different from night—unending darkness whether you sleep or wake—so I amused myself building gardens in my mind's eye. First I would

build one against a hedge, then I would substitute a picket fence. I built rock gardens, plots of perennials, terraces bright with exotic flowers, every detail worked out against a variety of backgrounds.

"As I gradually recovered my sight, I found the long night had not been all wasted. I had acquired a power of visualization that has proved invaluable. Today I can talk with a client and, without any digression of attention, visualize perfectly the garden he or she wants, go home and without any hesitation make the design on paper."

What is she like, this clever young woman who makes gardens for people nationally known, whose schedule does not count holidays and who can profit by calamities?

I was particularly interested to see her because it happens that Annette Hoyt and I were classmates at Smith College a few years ago—at least, it seemed only a few until we started counting on our fingers—and had not known each other since those bygone days. The picture I carried of her was that of a slender, dark-haired, vivacious girl who seemed quite easily to get whatever she wanted. The things she wanted those early days were honors not in Latin or Greek but in basketball and hockey and week-end cuts for football games and dances at Harvard and Yale. Her interest in flowers, as I remembered it, was limited to the hot-house variety delivered in white cardboard boxes with messages that made the heart flutter. In other words, I remembered her as a gay, energetic girl, more pleasure-loving than scholarly. It was interesting to see how she had changed. Not in appearance, for she looks much the same—good looking, sparkling and entertaining—but today her creed is work, work, work.

"We can do only one thing at a time," she said. "To get ahead in my work I had to be willing to submerge my personality in it."

"Do you know," she continued as we chatted at luncheon in her New York apartment, "I could never see any value in a Phi Beta Kappa key until that morning in our senior year when the names of the recipients were read off in chapel. Then I thought, 'Why isn't my name there?' I might have done it if I had worked. I have regretted ever since that I didn't merit that honor."

But few girls with or without a Phi Beta Kappa key can point to finer achievement than Annette Hoyt Flanders. Indeed, one could almost forgive her if success had turned her head. But it hasn't. She's too intelligent for that. Life is a harder school than college. It either teaches us a sense of true values or breaks us if we refuse to learn them. Mrs. Flanders has been an apt pupil. Perhaps her most conspicuous characteristic is an intelligent efficiency, apparent in everything about her, even in the way she orders her life. Nothing is haphazard; everything is as carefully designed as is one of her own lovely gardens.

"When did you start building gardens?" I asked her. "You'll smile when I tell you—by deliberately choosing a snap course at college, botany. In the first place, it was easy for me because I already knew so much about plant life. In the second place, it came on Friday, which left me free for week-ends at Amherst, Williams, Yale, Dartmouth or what have you."

"Also, there is a tradition of gardening in our family. My great-grandmother who lived in Virginia once went to Holland on a clipper ship for the roses she wanted in her garden. My father, too, knew flowers and taught me a great deal about them. As a little girl of fourteen I was thrown from a horse and broke my leg. I always made a trying invalid, for I could never stand inactivity. We lived in Wisconsin and when Father returned from a vacation in the North Woods he brought me dozens of different varieties of perennials, which he planted where I could study them from my wheel chair."

"Of course, plant life isn't the only thing one must know for landscape architecture. It embraces design, painting, sculpture, color, the handling of light and shade—all the arts that go into artistic creation. In this respect, also, I was fortunate in my inheritance. My mother was truly an artist, although she didn't realize it. As children we spent a great deal of time abroad and as she led us, protesting, I am afraid, through museums and fine buildings in Europe, she would direct our attention to things that otherwise would have passed unnoted."

"Look at that moulding; it's unusually fine," she would say. Or, "Notice the beautiful light on that wall." Or, "Study that water. It has perfect rhythm and motion that are utterly graceful."

"This was unconscious training but infinitely valuable. When I left college my ambitions turned toward things quite different from gardens. I had studied under a Russian ballet master and planned to go on the stage, but when I went home to Milwaukee for (Continued on page 37)



THIS LOVELY GARDEN AFTER THE FRENCH-FASHION, DESIGNED FOR FORMAL ENTERTAINING, WON FOR MRS. FLANDERS THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE'S GOLD MEDAL IN LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE FOR 1932

Jo Ann Cleans House

IT WAS Easter vacation and as the taxicab came to a stop before Jo Ann's house she threw her arms around Julia Wickham and gave her a big hug.

"Two whole weeks, Wicky!" she cried excitedly. "Will we have fun!" But before they were out of the cab another taxicab drove up and stopped, and out of the house came Jo Ann's father and mother. They carried two suitcases, and when Jo Ann had been kissed and Julia welcomed hastily, Jo Ann's mother explained.

"We've just had a telegram saying that your Aunt Martha fell down the stairs and is badly injured, Jo Ann, and your father and I must hurry to catch the train. We may be gone two or three days—perhaps a week."

"Oh, Mother, I'm sorry!"

"I know, but we haven't time to spare now for anything. We must catch that train. And, Jo Ann—"

"Yes, Mother?"

"I've been cleaning house but haven't reached your room. You might clean it, if you wish. Mary will scrub the floor and the woodwork, and—"

"I'd just love to," Jo Ann said, but her father interrupted her, saying they would miss the train if they did not get started at once, and the taxicab wheeled away. Jo Ann turned to watch it depart and saw a third taxicab. This one stopped before the Bassick home next door and out of it got Tommy Bassick, Jo Ann's next-door tormenter and enemy, and with him was Ted Spence, the red-headed nuisance's chum.

"Don't notice them!" said Jo Ann. "They think they are smart. If we pay any attention to them they'll shout something smarty at us."

She picked up her suitcase and ignored her annoyers. Mary, the maid, opened the door. It was evident she was in the midst of housecleaning, with a mop in her hand and a towel pinned over her hair, and she was in no good humor.

"An' now trouble begins," was her welcome. "As if 'twas not enough, me in the middle of housecleanin' and your ma goin' off right in the midst, and you comin' home on top of it, Miss Jo Ann. I'm hopin' you'll not be up to any of your wild doin's once in awhile."

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary!" Jo Ann laughed. "No, Mary, I'm going to be a sweet little angel this time. Mother says I am to clean my own room, you dear old Mary."

"Saints help us!" Mary exclaimed, as if this were the final cruel blow. "Love knows what'll happen if you start cleanin' house. An' me up to my neck in work! Oh, well! There's no preventin' you if your ma says you may."

"And I'm going to get right at it," said Jo Ann cheerfully. "How soon can you



JO ANN CLEANED HOUSE LICKETY-SPLIT



Illustrations by Garrett Price

scrub the floor, Mary? We can't do anything until then."

"There it is!" said Mary. In her heart she loved Jo Ann and all her tomboyish ways, but she also loved to pretend that Jo Ann was a great care and source of trouble. "There it is! Upsettin' my work the minute she puts foot in the house. I must drop everything and go scrubbin' your floor and all, and never mind what work I'm doin'. That's the way of it!"

Jo Ann laughed again but she kissed Mary's cheek.

"Go on with you!" said Mary, but she was pleased. "Get your closet and dresser cleaned out," she said in a more normal tone, "and when you're ready, Jo Ann, I'll scrub down the woodwork and the floor for you. Give a shout when you want me."

Within half an hour Jo Ann and Wicky were busy, dumping dresser drawer contents on the bed and sorting the closet contents. The waste basket filled to overflowing with discarded things, and Jo Ann hurried to the cellar for two baskets. She cleaned house as she did everything else, lickety-split and with all her might.

"I don't want these," she said and threw a pair of old slippers at the basket. They missed it and skidded under the bed, and Wicky retrieved them and dropped them into the basket. "Kid stuff!" Jo Ann said and dumped an armful of old school notebooks on the floor. "Put them in the basket, Wicky."

"Don't you want these stockings?"

"Holes as big as houses in them," said Jo Ann. "Runs as wide as the Mississippi River. Here—chuck these two hats in the basket. It's time I cleaned house!"

"It's fun to get rid of things you don't want," Wicky said. "I love to. It gives you such a—well, such a better feeling. Such a cleaned-up feeling."

"Yes, and I wish I could get rid of Latin the same way. Does it give me a headache? Ow! And—"

"And what?" asked Wicky.

"That red-headed Tommy Bassick," said Jo Ann. "I wish I could clean house of him. I wish I could get rid of him as easily as I get rid of a year before last's hat. I'd like to put

By ELLIS
PARKER
BUTLER



"I SAID IT YESTERDAY," SCREAMED JO ANN, TRYING TO OUTSHOUT TOMMY. "I THREW YOU OUT YESTERDAY. I DID! I DID!"

him into a rubbish basket with all the rest of the junk."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Wicky. "He's just one awful nuisance to you, Jo Ann. You're always quarreling with him. Whenever you're home you spend most of your time trying to get the best of him so that he won't get the best of you. Why don't you dump him in the rubbish basket? Why don't you clean house of him?"

"I can do it," said Jo Ann. "I don't have to have him fluttering around like a last year's calendar. Wicky, I've outgrown that silly kid and his kid tricks. I guess folks have a right to clean house of people they don't want any more! I'm going to houseclean Tommy Bassick right out of my life."

"That's the girl!" Wicky cheered her.

"And I'm going to tell him so," said Jo Ann firmly.

"Do it," said Wicky. "He never does anything but bother you."

It was late in the afternoon when Jo Ann and Wicky arrived, and the job of cleaning they had undertaken was bigger than they had thought. They allowed the baskets of cast-offs to stand that night and the next morning carried them out to the street for the garbage man to take away. They were leaving them at the edge of the walk when Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence came out of the Bassick house.

The two boys also had baskets of cast-offs, and as they set them down Tommy Bassick turned and called to Jo Ann.

"Hey! Jo Ann!" he called. "Wait a minute!"

Jo Ann stood waiting. Her head was jauntily high and resolution shone in her eyes. This was as good a chance to do one part of her housecleaning as she could wish.

"Well?" she asked. "What do you want? Hurry up, because I've got something to say to you, Tommy Bassick."

"I'll say what I've got to say, fast enough," Tom Bassick said. "I've been cleaning house—Ted and I have been cleaning my room—and I said what a good thing it was to get rid of useless junk, and what a pity it was that a fellow couldn't throw away a lot of other tiresome and annoying things that he has hung onto since he was a baby—"

"Such as—" Ted Spence interrupted, but a thrill of dismay shot through Jo Ann. She knew just what was coming. She knew how both she and Tommy had come to think of housecleaning each other out of each other's lives. It was an article in a magazine, about getting rid of useless and harmful and tiresome associates, and Tommy must have read it, too. Jo Ann leaped forward and put her hand against Ted Spence's mouth.

"You're out of my life, Tom Bassick," she cried. "I've housecleaned you out of it. You and your smarty kid tricks—I'm done with you and them, and—"

"No such things!" shouted Tommy. "I said it first. I threw you out of my life first. I told Ted, hours and hours ago—"

"I said it yesterday," screamed Jo Ann, trying to outshout Tommy. "I threw you out yesterday. I did! I did!" And she clapped her hands over her ears and pressed them hard there and, as Tommy went on shouting, she yelled "Blaw! Blaw! Blaw!" to drown his voice so that she might not hear it.

"She did! She did!" Wicky yelled, jumping up and down in her eagerness. "Yesterday! Yesterday afternoon!"

Tommy was still shouting. He reached for Jo Ann, but she turned and ran to a safe distance and, forgetting her dignity entirely, she cried out, "I said it first! I offcast you first! I got rid of you first!"

"She did! She did!" Wicky continued to yell.

"Aw, shucks!" said Ted Spence disgustedly. "Let them yell. They're just a couple of girl babies. What do you care, Tom? You've got rid of her and that's all you want."

Tom Bassick hesitated. He was still half inclined to rush at Jo Ann and try his fortune in one of their old-style wrestles and hair-pullings, but he may have thought he might not come out well at that sort of test. He never had won one of their fighting bouts. He turned and walked after Ted Spence, and Jo Ann and Wicky went into the house and closed the door.

"Well, Jo Ann," Wicky said, "you won that time."

"Yes, and I'll win the next time, too," Jo Ann declared.

"I thought this was the last time," said Wicky. "I thought you were through with him forevermore."

"Yes, I am," said Jo Ann. "That's what I mean. I'll never think of him, or speak to him, or see him again. If I ever meet him I'll not even know he's there. I—I'm not thinking of him now. I'm thinking of—"

"Of housecleaning," said Wicky.

"Yes, and, oh, Wicky! I've the dandiest idea!"

"What?"

"I'm going to paper my room. I'm going to put new wall-paper on the wall. I'm just sick and tired of the old paper, and it is so dingy and faded. And we've got plenty of time. Mother and Father may not be home for a week. And you



"AN' NOW TROUBLE BEGINS," SHE GREETED JO ANN AND WICKY

know Sue Bencker said she papered her room and that it was no job at all. We can do it as well as Sue Bencker can, I'm sure."

"Well, of course, Sue Bencker lived on a farm, and perhaps she wouldn't be quite as particular as—well—your mother would be."

"It's my room," said Jo Ann. "And you don't mean to say I can't do anything Sue Bencker could do, do you?"

"You can do a lot of things she can't do, I know that," Wicky said. She was glad that something was taking Jo Ann's thoughts off of Tommy Bassick, and she supposed Jo Ann could paper a room if she tried. She could do almost anything she tried. "How will you start, Jo Ann?"

"The way to start is to start," said Jo Ann, "and the first thing we need is the new wallpaper. We'll go right down and get it, and Mary can scrub the floor and the woodwork while we're gone."

"Don't you think she had better wait until we get the paper on the wall?" asked Wicky.

"Oh, we won't be mussy," said Jo Ann. "We'll spread old newspapers on the floor. Let me see how much money I've got."

"We'll have to have more than wallpaper," Wicky suggested. "Brushes, you know. And paste."

"This ought to be enough money," Jo Ann said, counting what she had in her purse, and the two girls put on their hats and light coats and prepared to go downtown. When they told Mary what they were going for that good woman threw up her hands.

"Ow, murder!" Mary cried. "What will you be up to next, I wonder? May your mother soon come home or you'll be the death of me!"

"Now, that's nonsense, Mary," said Jo Ann with dignity. "I'm not asking you to paper the room."

"And well it is you're not," said Mary, "for not a hand would I touch to it. Not even an envelope can I stick shut without gettin' glue in my hair and all. I stay far from you whilst any wallpapering goes on, and that you can count on, Miss Jo Ann."

At the shop that sold wallpaper they had a quite different reception. The man there was eager to sell them wallpaper, and he turned over the sample books until he came to a sample that made both girls exclaim with admiration.



"OOH! PAUGH!" SHE EXCLAIMED, AS THE SLIMY STUFF WENT ABOVE HER ANKLE

"That's the one I want," said Jo Ann, for the design was one of dainty nosegays set at regular distances, a pretty pattern indeed. "How much do you think I ought to have?"

"Now that depends considerably on the size of the room," said the man. "A big room takes more than a small one."

"I know that," said Jo Ann. "My room is about as big as—well—from there to there, and from there to there."

"I'd say you'd need about six double rolls," said the man. "Let us say eight double rolls, to be safe, and you can return any double rolls you don't use."

"How much would it be?"

"This paper is twenty cents a roll, and eight double rolls would be sixteen single rolls—that's three dollars and twenty cents."

"That will be all right. And I need some paste, and a brush."

"We have prepared paste in cans. You'll need two brushes, one to smear the paste with and one to smooth the paper after it is hung. You ought to have a roller, too."

"How much would it all come to?" Jo Ann asked.

"You won't want very expensive brushes," said the salesman. "Four dollars and sixty-five cents."

"And I have some money left," Jo Ann laughed to Wicky. "All of forty cents!"

"I could have lent you a dollar," Wicky said. "That's all I've got."

The man volunteered to deliver the goods at the house, and when Jo Ann and Wicky reached home the parcel was already awaiting them. Jo Ann was so eager to get at the job that she could hardly wait for them to get into smocks. She opened the can of paste.

"The brush won't go into this can," she said. "I'll get a pan from Mary," and she did, although Mary complained about lending one of her spotless pans. Wicky had the pictures down from the wall, and the bed and other furniture pushed into the middle of the room when Jo Ann returned, and Jo Ann emptied the whole can of paste into the pan and picked up one of the brushes.

"Now, how much of the wall do you think we ought to put paste on at a time?" she asked.

"I don't believe they put the paste on the wall," Wicky said. "I seem to remember that they put it on the back of the wallpaper. And we ought to peel off the old paper first, at least the loose parts."

"I suppose so," said Jo Ann.

"And we ought to have a table to lay the wallpaper on while we put the paste on it," said Wicky. "I suppose a card table would do."

"But there isn't room in the room for a card table," Jo Ann objected. "We might have a card table out in the hall."

"Yes, we can do that. And we'll need something to stand on."

"We have a step ladder. I'll get it. You come and get the table, Wicky." She stopped to unroll a roll of the wallpaper. "I do think this is the suavest pattern! Why, look here, Wicky—there's an edge on it that has to be cut off! You take the scissors and do that while I get the table and the ladder. I wonder where Mother's scissors are?"

"There's an awful lot to cut off," said Wicky. "Miles and miles of it at least, I should think."

"Well, we'll do a roll at a time," Jo Ann said, and went to find scissors. The only scissors she could find were her mother's embroidery scissors which snipped about an inch at a time, but Wicky seated herself on the edge of the bed and began. Jo Ann bent to see how the scissors worked, and stepped back.

"Ooh! (Continued on page 31)"

The Wearing of the Red, White and Blue

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell



The costumes on this page are from Best and Company, New York City



BECAUSE George Washington was born two hundred years ago and then grew up to be the father of his country, young America this year is celebrating by a patriotic wearing of the red, white and blue.

Once more we have clothes that are jaunty and young with more than a little boyish flavor. Sweaters, sailors, flannels, knotted handkerchiefs, berets and double-breasted jackets all emphasize the fact that we're not going to trail any more.

Navy blue is a good backbone for any wardrobe any time, but this year it's almost unavoidable. I chose it for the coat of monotone tweed, though I might have selected beige or red instead. Beige is smart, red is dashing, but I said to myself, "Blue's more practical and quite as smart. It's a color that doesn't show soil and a color that you don't get tired of." So blue it is.

Along with the coat you get one of those scarfs which seem to play such an important part in the clothes scheme

just now. This is a gaily printed one. You'll also see a lot of them this year in plain white. Yellow, a bright blue or a dusty pink is also often seen in scarfs to go with a plain blue coat. Polka dots and conventional stripes, checks and plaids are popular. The scarf may be worn ascot-wise or pulled through a slit in the opposite end or—this is very popular right now—tied in a bow which is suggestive of a Cheshire cat.

To go with the coat I picked out a little soft blue felt hat, self-trimmed with a bow of felt. It's the sort you can wear anywhere any time of year, and is a very welcome addition to any wardrobe.

The knit or crocheted effects in dresses, blouses, sweaters, hats and scarfs are, as of course you know, a great rage. This dress (upper left) of angora crêpe with top of loose knit striped material is just the sort of thing I mean. It comes in blue with red and white stripes, red with blue and white stripes or white with blue and red.

Cottons are going to be all over the place if we can believe the early spring signs. Cotton corduroy, handkerchief linen, seersucker and cotton lace (for evening) are favorites. The dress of everfast striped sudanette (above center) is really made of cotton but has the appearance of a wash silk. It launders beautifully and looks well almost anywhere. In red and white, blue and white or green and white stripes. It's shown here with a stitched linen hat—a panama or any sports straw would be equally good.

Little coats are one of the joys of the season. You wear them in the evening, on the street or for sports. The short-waisted line is new and very becoming to a young slender figure as you'll see in the case of the brushed wool jacket illustrated at the right above, which comes in red, blue or almost any pastel shade, and fastens jauntily with ivory-toned clips.

Face West

By MARGARET YOUNG LULL

DURING the days that followed, the part that Arley had played in inducing her mother to refuse Halliday's contract and throw in her lot with Philip's Peach Growers' Association filled the girl with such a sense of responsibility that her whole outlook began to change. During her first weeks in the West she had been at heart only a sojourner, her mind still dwelling on the life she had left behind and longing for a chance to return to it. But now that she had assumed an active part in directing the family fortunes, responsibility descended upon her slender shoulders with appalling weight, and she braced herself under it.

The Association needed money to operate successfully, as Philip explained to Arley. But it wasn't only the Association that was poor; there was now a pressing need

inside the Wainwright home. Arley soon realized that the successful harvesting of the

peach crop was not only a seasonal necessity but the very rock upon which their whole financial structure rested. And there were taxes, insurance, and costs of settling her uncle's estate of which the girl had not before known. With a tingle of awakened conscience she began to see where she was needed.

"Feel that arm," she requested of her mother with mock gravity one morning when she came downstairs dressed in khaki coveralls and with her dark hair tucked beneath a wide hat. "People should dress for their jobs nowadays and this rig is a perfect fit for the work I have on hand. I'm going to help Aoki chop weeds in the orchard."

Martha Wainwright sighed. "I hate to have you plunged into such hard work. You're not accustomed to it."

"Neither are you used to the things you have to do around here," retorted Arley. "But I'm young and stubborn as a goat. I can stand it, Mother," she added as she paused in the doorway before going out to wrestle with her new task. "I wakened this morning thinking of Uncle Anthony Wainwright. How long is it since he came back to Highlands?"

"Over ten years," answered her mother. "But he's been heard of since then. He sent your grandmother postcards sometimes, and several years ago a friend of the family who was traveling in the Orient saw him in Bombay, so of course he may still be alive. However, it wasn't like him to stop writing for money. What started you to thinking of him today?"

"Oh, money, I suppose," she answered with a sigh. "I guess I was thinking it would come in mighty handy now if we could get some income out of Highlands."

Arley ran down the steps into the dooryard and picking up her tools started for the orchard.

The sun on her back beat down warmly. She loosened her collar and finally tossed away the hat from her damp forehead as she vigorously attacked the weeds which were already springing up along the fence. After an hour, thoroughly weary, she sat down on the grass to rest close by a

low building where the spray pumps and ploughs were stored.

She pulled off the heavy work gloves in which she had encased her hands and examined her blistered palms. It seemed impossible that this sturdy sun-browned arm, encased in rough khaki, could be the same that had wielded a valiant

Illustrations by
Henrietta
McCaig
Starrett

CLEAVER'S GOOD HUMOR VANISHED IN AN UGLY FROWN. "SHE'S ONLY A NUISANCE ANYWAY," HE GROWLED

For what has happened so far in this story, please see page fifty



racket upon the college courts. Instantly her thoughts flew back to the old campus and her old friends. What were they doing today, Mary Lou and Win and the rest? Arley gulped back a sob of loneliness and disappointment.

"Glory!" The sharp nasal twang of Ed Cleaver's voice broke her reverie. "Glory, where be you?"

Arley looked up. Except for Aoki's pounding at the pump there was no other sound in this peaceful place.

"Glory! Hey, Glory!"

In the dimly lighted shed behind her, Arley caught a smothered sigh and, leaning forward, she peered inside the tool house to find its source. High on a box in the corner, where light filtered through a smudgy window, sat the little Cleaver girl pouring over a tattered picture book.

"Why, Gloria!" Arley rose hurriedly and came close to where the child sat. "What are you doing here?"

"Mis' Wainwright give it to me." Gloria enveloped her precious book with two thin protecting arms and her dark eyes dilated pleadingly. "I keep it hid under this board so's Pa won't find it." She cast a frightened glance toward the door. "I found a pitcher once in a box he had. He took it away from me 'n spanked me. He was awful mad."

Arley's eyes flashed indignantly as she looked in sympathy at the little girl's wasted arms and shrunken shoulders. "Never mind, Gloria. You needn't be afraid to play with the pictures and books we give you. Do you like to read much?"

"I—I don't know how to read," answered the child, hanging her head.

"Don't know how to read!" exclaimed Arley horrified. "How does that happen? Of course you've been to school, haven't you?"

"No'm," answered Gloria in a sad little voice. "We ain't never stayed long enough in one place so's I could go to school. I can just read pitchers, that's all. I've wanted to go to school. I've begged Pa. But he allus says we've gotta keep on movin' to make a livin'. We follered the fruit till the ole car broke down. We picked peaches 'n hops 'n grapes. We never stopped long any place till we came here."

"It's a shame, a big girl like you!" Arley looked with pity at the child. "I'm going to see what can be done about it."

"Hey, Glory! Oh, there you be." Cleaver, rounding the corner, lowered his voice abruptly at sight of Arley. "Come on here, Glory. I got a job fer you pickin' up sticks from the prunin'."

"Oh, no, Mr. Cleaver," Arley protested. "Don't find any more jobs for her. She should be put into school at once. Why, she can't even read."

"Huh?" Cleaver's jaw dropped. "Naw, I s'pose she can't. But she ain't got time fer that stuff. She's gotta work."

"DO YOU LIKE ME IN FARMER'S TOGS." ARLEY'S EYES DANCED ROGUISHL



Arley's eyes blazed. "The law will make you send her to school. I'm going to see the trustee about it this very afternoon."

Cleaver's pale eye wavered and he began to whine. "Well, how'm I goin' to git along?" he complained in a thin voice. "Lib's laid up. She can't do a lick yet, an' I could 'a got her work all winter. The kid ain't worth much, but she's better'n nothin' when I c'n git her a job."

"That doesn't matter," Arley insisted firmly. "I'm going to see that Gloria goes to school."

She resumed her task while Gloria slipped unobtrusively away and Ed Cleaver departed grumbling that it was queer how she thought folks could live with the women fooling their time away in schools. Then, feeling Gloria's case urgent, Arley abandoned her hoe and went back to the house for a consultation with her mother.

"I'm determined that poor little thing shall have a chance," she declared. "Her grammar's dreadful, and at best she'll be behind the other pupils. But I could tutor her at night to help her catch up if I were sure I'd do it right. I've never tried to teach anyone."

"You might consult with Singh," suggested Mrs. Wainwright. "He's a highly educated Hindu and speaks perfect English. He's had a good deal of practice at teaching his countrymen to read and write, and I think he has plenty of

books. I'm sure he'd be very willing to lend them to you."

Arley agreed that she would confer with both the school authorities and Singh, though she would have to leave her consultation with the Hindu until another day. The result of her endeavors was that, in spite of Ed Cleaver, the matter was arranged and Gloria was started off to school the following morning.

As the child danced up the road at Arley's side to wait for the school bus at the corner, her shy little tongue, loosed in an ecstasy of gratitude, poured out her hopes and dreams. "I'll really learn to read," she breathed, her dark eyes aflame with eagerness. "I'll read 'bout all kinds of places you can't git in a wagon or an ole car. 'Bout boats 'n—'n—everythin'."

"What do you know about boats, Gloria?" Arley threw the child an interested glance. "Were you ever on one?"

"I kinda dream I was once." Gloria's dark eyes grew strangely reminiscent. "There was lots of blue water 'n I played with a ball 'n a little black man was nice to me. But I can't remember very well."

At the highway they found Tom who was keeping his vigorous right arm in training by pitching pebbles across the orchard while he waited for the school bus to arrive. "See that curve?" he shouted proudly to Arley. "I struck out every kid on the team yesterday. Gee! I was going great! We're going to play the Orange Heights Tigers Saturday and I bet we skin 'em good. A rich guy that lives over there has fitted out their team with suits, mitts, and everything, and he's promised to do the same for us if we beat 'em. You'd better come."

"I'll try to," promised Arley. The bus rolled up and she watched the children scramble on board, carefully admonishing Tom as to the care of Gloria. She turned to walk back to the house just as Amanda Peake's car, with a creak of sagging springs and noisy brakes, came to rest beside the Wainwright post box.

"Well, I thought I was the early bird, but the worm sure took me in today," the huge woman rumbled mirthfully. "Slippery Jones traded me out of a good pot of cheese I was carrying to Millie, for this thing. Can you beat it?" She held up a small metal cigar lighter, chuckling ruefully. "It's broke, too. The joke's on me, but I hate having him know he took me in." She flung the lighter far afiel and, with a gusty sigh, fell to sorting out the mail. "Here you are," she flashed a white square at Arley. "And here's your ma's papers."

"Oh!" cried Arley in delight. "A letter from Mary Lou."

"And here's one for that Hindu fella I overlooked."

Amanda frowned with chagrin at her own carelessness. "What's got into me? Well, I s'pose I'll have to go back."

"I was going over to see Singh myself some time today," Arley offered. "I can just as well go now and take the letter for you."

Amanda handed the missive over. "Well, you be kerrful," she charged, a solemn tremor shaking her double chins.

"Uncle Sam's mail. Don't you give it to no one but him."

Arley thrust Singh's letter into the pocket of her sweater, and slitting the envelope of Mary Lou's missive, scanned the contents eagerly as she walked back along the road. The first sentence brought such a flush of joy to her cheeks that the rest of the letter faded in a rosy mist of happiness. Mary Lou was really coming in July to stay a whole month. That was almost too much good news for one letter to contain, yet there were other important tidings, too. "Larry's signed with a company for commercial flying," Mary Lou wrote. "It has something to do with farms and he's coming out to the coast. I'd love to fly along with him, but I suppose I'll come jogging on the train to save the family nerves." And in a postscript she added, "Mother saw your lawyer, Mr. Hurlburt, a week ago. He says those pictures at Highlands are getting warped, mildewed, or somehow diseased from dampness, and he's thinking of getting a court order to have them taken down and stored in a gallery, or shipped to you. I suppose he'll write your mother before he does anything."

The thought of seeing Mary Lou again was a more engrossing subject to Arley than even the fate of the Wainwright possessions and, as she walked down the road to Singh's gate, her mind was full of her friend's coming and the good times in store for them both.

Philip's Hindu foreman was busy marking furrows between the peach rows which were to be pumped full of water from deep wells that supplied irrigation for the place. When he caught sight of Arley he left his work and came forward at once to greet her.

"I'm your neighbor, Miss Wainwright," she explained. "My mother thought you might have some books that would help me teach a child to read."

"I think I have," replied Singh in faultless English. "If you'll wait here a moment I'll go and see."

As she watched him cross the orchard to his tiny house among the trees Arley was struck with the small man's superior bearing. Here was no common workman. His intelligent dark eyes and perfect poise indicated an acquaintance with men and matters far above the ordinary, and when he came back with the books she realized that he would be decidedly helpful to her in her undertaking. As she turned to go she suddenly recalled her other errand. "Here's a letter Mrs. Peake had for you, Singh."

If I'd forgotten it she'd have murdered me." She extracted the envelope from her pocket and handed it to him.

As Arley turned from the drive into the main highway she surprised a tall turbaned Hindu who, at sight of her, withdrew hastily from view behind a tree. How queer! It was annoying and almost uncanny to be watched as she went about simple neighborly errands. But she had already discovered that there were many Hindus in the Basin, unlike Singh, morose silent creatures whom she was sure she could never understand. Perhaps this Oriental had his own good reasons for hiding behind trees, (Continued on page 45)



SHE PICKED UP HER FLASHLIGHT AND RAN OUT-DOORS

The new home of the Girl Scouts of Kohler, Wisconsin is a picturesque piece of Alpine Austria



“Waelderhaus”



The “Waelderhaus,” built on a cliff overlooking the Sheboygan River, is the gift of Miss Marie C. Kohler to the Kohler, Wisconsin Girl Scouts in memory of her father. It was designed by Kasper Albrecht, noted Austrian architect, after the type of house in Bregenzerwald, Vorarlberg, Austria



The pictures on this page show a few of the rooms. Some of the furnishings were brought to America especially for the house and are hundreds of years old. To the right, above, is the workroom with a tile stove from the home of Miss Kohler's grandparents in Vorarlberg. Below it is the kitchen with its quaint and old-fashioned wooden sink



The drinking fountain at the left of the page, above, was designed by Mr. Albrecht. Below are a bedroom in the true “Bregenzerwald” manner and the Baden-Powell room, with Girl Scout emblems on the chandelier and three stained glass windows depicting “Faith, Hope and Charity”





A POT OF DAFFODILS VYING WITH YELLOW SUNSHINE CHEERS UP THE SICK-ROOM

SPRING is actually here now, and all over the country Girl Scouts are busy with the first of this year's gardening, with nature and bird study, with hiking, and house cleaning. Little Houses are getting all polished up and ready for nice weather, and their grounds come in for their share of spring cleaning, too. Before we tell you what Girl Scouts are doing just now in their own buildings, we want to speak about that most interesting of all our Little Houses, Our Chalet in Switzerland, owned by all Girl Scouts.

"The roof is on, so that Our Chalet looks almost finished," writes Mrs. James J. Storrow through whose generosity the chalet exists. "The finished roof will be of copper, which will soon turn a lovely green. We should have preferred to have an old-fashioned shingled roof with great stones to hold down the shingles, but that is against the law now, for fear of fire.

"There is an old custom in Switzerland, when the roof of a new building is raised, to put a little pine tree at the very top of the gable, and the ceremony was carried out on December thirtieth, when the last nail was driven into the roof of Our Chalet.

"Then when work was finished that day, the members of the Chalet Committee and the architect invited all the workmen to a party. Usually such a party is held in the new house, but December thirtieth was so cold that they went to the inn in Adelsboden instead, where they had coffee and *zupke* (a kind of white bread braided which they always have at every fête), Christmas cakes, sausages and cider."

Three American Girl Scouts have been selected to attend a special encampment at Our Chalet next summer, according to an announcement by Mrs. Lyman Delano, chairman of the Girl Scout International Committee. The girls, who were chosen from a large field of applicants to participate in the Juliette Low Memorial Awards for 1932, will attend the encampment with twelve other girls selected from Girl Guides of six European countries, likewise recipients of the memorial award.

The American girls are Winifred Turner of Quincy, Massachusetts; Mary Emma Allen of Chattanooga, Tennessee and Doro-

thy Drake Fernstermacher of Tulsa, Oklahoma. They will sail with a leader, the latter part of July, for the Swiss encampment, which is to be held from August sixth to the twentieth. Before leaving this country they will spend several days at the national Girl Scout experimental camp, Andree Clark, in Briarcliff, New York.

Ten other American Girl Scouts with

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

OUR Star Reporter this month is Barbara Demaree of Carpinteria, California. Barbara writes to us about the Carpinteria Girl Scouts' Little House, "Cacique":

"Our club house was named after the Indian village which stood on its site. Before this building was confiscated by the girls it bore an interesting history, for it was the Ocean View schoolhouse. Today, under its paint, can be found the initials of many well-known residents of Carpinteria Valley.

"We needed a Little House and someone suggested using the schoolhouse. This was discouraged because of the ruin and disorder of the grounds and building. However, we soon became enthusiastic. When we went up for the first time to look it over, we found an awful mess. The floor had been broken through, the glass from the windows had been shattered into tiny bits, and the yard was overgrown with weeds.

"We have the fathers to thank for doing the dirty work, such as putting in windows, ripping off blackboards, plowing the field and building the fireplace.

"The walls of the main room were painted green, the lower part a darker color. The ceiling is cream and the floor brown.

"One of our greatest prides is our huge cobblestone fireplace. A Navajo rug hangs in the hallway. The floor is taken from the pattern of the rug, and the entrance is picturesque. Growing wall flowers hang at the end of the hall, which was partitioned off at one end and made into a rest room. Here the color scheme is green and yellow.

"We used red wicker furniture in the main room. We spent a good many hours in painting the furniture, and went home looking as though we had measles. A bookcase extends the length of this room, and it is slowly being filled by worthwhile contributions. Altogether, we enjoy our cabin a lot."

Gardens

*These are the things
and mild weather*

three leaders will attend the International Girl Guide Camp at Enniskerry, County Wicklow, Ireland from June eighteenth to the twenty-eighth.

Rhode Island Girls' Fine Gift

Rhode Island Girl Scouts are downright lucky. They were given a lovely old farmhouse set in the midst of two hundred beautiful acres of land! Here's what they say about it: "Through the gift of Miss Martha Lowry, captain of Oaklawn Troop, Oak Lawn, Rhode Island, the Girl Scouts of Rhode Island came into possession of a typical old story-and-a-half farmhouse. For nearly a century it was the home of the Arnold family who acquired it when it was fifty years old.

"Camp Lowry on Cranberry Hill of the Girl Scouts of Rhode Island, as the place is known officially, is used especially as a week-end camp, and supplements the camp program at Camp Hoffman, West Kingston. No plans were made to furnish the picturesque old house other than with what are bare necessities. Four fireplaces are the center of activities on winter days and long evenings. A huge kitchen, unspoiled by modern gadgets, is regarded as a *pièce de résistance*, and there one pictures candy pulls and popcorn parties on Halloween and other holidays."

These Girls Had a Tree Planting

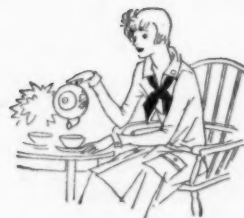
Particularly appropriate to the season and to this particular year is the account sent by Dorothy Fahey of Fall River, Massachusetts, of the participation of her troop in the George Washington Bicentennial Tree Planting.

"On April twenty-ninth last year the Girl Scouts of Troop Eleven, Fall River, planted two native maple trees in the Spencer Borden School yard. As the troop meets at this school every week, it has the advantage of seeing these trees grow, and hopes to add others to beautify the grounds.

"The maples were planted in honor of the Bicentennial of George Washington. The ceremony was very simple.

and Little Houses—

that interest all Girl Scouts when April rolls around brings the urge to plant things and spruce up the home



The color guard, Girl Scouts, officers and school children assembled on the lawn. Before planting the trees, one of the girls delivered a speech concerning them. After the commissioner and deputy commissioner put them in the ground, the director, captain and Girl Scouts each threw in a shovelful of dirt, and the Girl Scouts sang *Live, Live, Live, Trees*, by Joyce Kilmer, and an excerpt from Keats' *Endymion*, *A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever*, were recited by two of the girls. Then the captain presented the trees to the Spencer Borden School."

A Cabin on Top of a Mountain

From Fayetteville, Arkansas Girl Scouts comes an account of their cabin, which sounds exceptionally nice: "The council and the Lions Club built our cabin for us. It is situated on top of East Mountain near Mt. Sequoyah, one of the highest of these Ozark hills. Mr. Sequoyah was named for the great Indian chief, Sequoyah, who camped on the mountain some time while en route with his tribe of Indians from Georgia to Oklahoma many, many years

ago. At the cabin we have summer meetings of all troops, parties, hikes and the annual camp."

Three Towns Use One Cabin

Helen Waltman writes to us about the Girl Scout cabin owned by the Girl Scouts of Waverly, New York and Sayre and Athens, Pennsylvania:

"Yes, girls, we are to have a cabin where we can go for short camping trips and hikes. It is to be built on a piece of land along the Chenung River, which has been given to the council by the farmer who owned it. This is what the captain of the Betsy Ross Troop of Sayre, Pennsylvania told the girls at one of the winter meetings last year.

"Many of the townspeople donated their services in constructing the cabin, and even the girls themselves actually helped to build it. By early spring the cabin was finished. Large stones from along the river were transformed into a lovely fireplace. Cupboards and benches were built along the walls. Other furniture was provided by persons who were interested in Girl Scouting."

Try a Garden Party to Make Money

Since we're dealing with gardening this month, as well as Little Houses, we think you may be interested in an account of a garden party held last year by Seattle Girl Scouts. Miss Ida Smith writes to us about it: "Our Garden Party last year was held on four adjoining estates which contained formal and informal types of gardens, pools, lawns and playgrounds. Booths and special features were assigned to the troops, with a council member in charge of each group.

Those girls who had earned the Wild Flower Finder badge were trained as Garden Guides by two council members. We netted nearly seven hundred dollars for our camp fund and plan to do even better this spring."

Encampments at Lenape Lodge

Rosalie Henne, a member of Troop Eleven of Maplewood, New Jersey, writes about Lenape Lodge, the Little House of Maplewood Girl Scouts:

"Lenape Lodge is situated in the heart of the South Mountain Reservation in South Orange, New Jersey. It is so called because of the tribe of Indians who once roamed over that territory. The turtle was their sign; so we, like them, have put a turtle shell over our doorway.

"This year our local councillor has made it possible for ten girls at a time to go on three-day encampments to our Little House. You can imagine our joy at this."

A Little House Model Exhibit

Knoxville, Tennessee Girl Scouts tell us that their Little House model has had a very interesting career: "It has been used during Better Homes Week and at other times. It was finally given to a group of younger Girl Scouts at a Children's Home here, and they have enjoyed it very much. Today we were called by a representative of a realty company that is planning a home products exhibit, stressing homemaking, and asked if we still had the Little House the Girl Scouts built, and if we would plan to exhibit it again. No other Girl Scout exhibit has ever been received with so much interest and attention."



WHEN PRESIDENT AND MRS. HOOVER CAME TO THE WASHINGTON GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOUSE FOR THE FAMOUS TWENTY-FOUR-CENT DINNER, GIRL SCOUTS GREETED THEM WARMLY

AN OLD CLOTHES DRIVE GOT A HEARTY RESPONSE FROM GIRL SCOUTS IN PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, WHO GLADLY HELPED TO COLLECT, PACK AND DELIVER APPAREL FOR THE POOR



Speaking of Homes

and who isn't, just now? Certainly many are working in their own gardens, and in the Houses, digging and planting, while others are working on the side of the houses until spring itself could



THE GIRL SCOUTS OF HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA ARE VERY PROUD OF THEIR DELIGHTFUL LITTLE HOUSE WITH ITS BRICK FIREPLACE IN THE BIG RECREATION ROOM (ABOVE). THIS ROOM, BY THE WAY, IS KNOWN TO THE GIRLS AS THE "HAYMOW," IN MEMORY OF THE DAYS WHEN THE HOUSE WAS A BARN



THE GIRL SCOUTS OF BUFFALO HAD A LOVELY FLOWER GARDEN ON A CIRCULAR PLOT LENT THEM BY THE PARK COMMISSION. WHEN THEIR FLOWERS WERE IN BLOOM THEY GATHERED MORE THAN EIGHTY BOUQUETS AND TOOK THEM TO HOSPITALS AND HOMES

AT LEAST HALF THE FUN OF MAKING A GARDEN LIES IN CHOOSING THE KINDS OF FLOWERS THAT ARE GOING TO GROW THERE. HERE ARE SOME GIRL SCOUTS OF WEST-FIELD, NEW JERSEY HAVING AN EARNEST DISCUSSION OVER SOME PACKAGES OF SEEDS

es and Gardens—

*only many Girl Scouts are work-
in the gardens of their Little
while others clean and paint in-
self couldn't be cleaner or fresher*

THE GIRL SCOUTS OF MILWAUKEE COUNTY, WISCONSIN ARE THE FORTUNATE POSSESSORS OF A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A REAL ORCHARD WITH PEAR AND APPLE TREES. THERE ARE ALSO GRAPE ARBORS AND BERRY BUSHES WHICH PROVIDE AMPLE MATERIALS FOR EXCELLENT JAM



DAPHNE SAVAGE OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA HAS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST GIRL TO RECEIVE THE GIRL SCOUT SCHOLARSHIP IN GARDENING, KNOWN AS THE LOU HENRY HOOVER SCHOLARSHIP. THE SCHOLARSHIP, WHICH IS GIVEN ANNUALLY TO A GIRL SCOUT FOR HER INTEREST IN AND KNOWLEDGE OF PLANTS AND SHRUBS, PROVIDES \$500 AND IS THE RESULT OF A SPECIAL GIFT. MISS SAVAGE WILL ATTEND THE AMBLER SCHOOL OF HORTICULTURE, AT AMBLER, PENNSYLVANIA NEXT FALL



THE LITTLE HOUSE AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA WAS THE SCENE OF A CEREMONY WHICH ILLUSTRATED GIRL SCOUT COMMUNITY SPIRIT, WHEN PATTY MILLINGTON HANDED TO DR. H. G. WETHERILL, PRESIDENT OF THE MONTEREY PENINSULA COMMUNITY CHEST, A CHECK FROM THE GIRL SCOUTS TOWARD COMMUNITY WORK





WHEN IS A WAR NOT A WAR?

DEEP trenches lined the "Shanghai front;" big shells from Japanese battleships screamed through the air; huge tanks, the firespitting dragons of Japan, lumbered over No-man's land, touched hidden Chinese mines, were blown to pieces; machine guns spat a continual rat-tat; airplanes swooped over villages, dropping bombs on women and children; hordes of terrified people choked the highways, fleeing from burning homes. For the last month, this was a tabloid picture of life in the region just north of Shanghai. Yet neither Japan nor China was officially at war. The reason was that each country knew that the first to "declare war" would risk a spanking from the League of Nations. So they continued to make war without declaring it.

Meanwhile world opinion lined up more solidly against Japan. Our own Secretary Stimson sent a note, warning both countries that no new treaties made at the point of the sword would be regarded as legal by us. The talk of a boycott grew even stronger, though there were many people who felt that such a move on our part would be very unwise; first because it might force us into actual war with Japan; second, because it would strike a severe blow at our silk and cotton industries and thus throw many Americans out of work.

But though we have not actually declared an official boycott against Japan, the world's disapproval of what she is doing seems to be having some effect, unofficially. Japanese government bonds have dropped to new lows on the New York Stock Exchange; the big Osaka sugar mills have been forced to shut down, and the Japanese silk exchange has closed. Japan's little adventure in China becomes every day more expensive as the Chinese put up unexpectedly strong resistance. At this writing Japan has just made China a new peace offer, more moderate than her last one. Observers cannot make up their minds, however, whether this is a trick on Japan's part to gain time to bring up reinforcements, or whether she really wants to save her "face" and get out of an increasingly difficult and dangerous adventure before she is forced to do so.



A DISCOURAGED DOVE

WHILE Japanese and Chinese were killing each other by thousands in a little adventure which they were careful not to call a "War," the League Conference on the Limitation of Armaments was meeting at Geneva. The Chinese delegation asked permission to set up loud speakers so that the peace delegates could hear Japanese warships bombarding Shanghai, but this request was turned down as unseemly. At the be-

ginning of the conference a truck lumbered up to the door bearing the signatures of six million people who had taken this way of expressing their hope that the conference would make some real progress toward insuring world peace. Very few people, however, believe that it will do so. At the opening, André Tardieu of France startled the delegates by proposing a world army to be put at the disposal of the League to enforce its demands. This was regarded by the other delegates as too idealistic to discuss just now, and as a political, rather than a sincere proposal on the part of France. Comrade Litvinov once more put

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

forth the Russian plan—complete abolition of all the world's armies, navies and air forces; this also was disregarded as insincere. While these human beings were discussing the abolition of battleships and other terrible instruments of war, several of their number were lying in bed, completely at the mercy of a foe invisible to the naked eye—the influenza germ.



IN AMERICA

WITH the signing by the President on February twenty-seventh of the Glass-Steagall Bill, another forward step was taken in the effort of both political parties to supply a tonic to ailing American business. This bill enlarges the power of the Federal Reserve system to lend money to shaky banks. It is therefore expected to cut down the mounting number of bank failures. So hopeful were many men that it would bring red blood to the pale cheeks of American business that when its passage became a certainty, the value of stocks in Wall Street jumped three billion dollars in one day.

February saw two important shifts in government offices. Andrew William Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, was appointed American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's (England) to take the place of Charles Gates Dawes, resigned; Mr. Mellon's place was taken by his assistant, Ogden Livingston Mills. The place on the Supreme Bench recently left vacant by the resignation of Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was filled by the appointment of Chief Judge Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, of New York's Court of Appeals. The appointment of Judge Cardozo, a Democrat, was unanimously applauded by both parties.

The Democratic ring for hopeful Presidential candidates became congested with hats last month. Up to that time, the biggest



hat seemed to be that of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, governor of New York, who has frankly been seeking the nomination for some time. Just as frank in his desires but not near so hopeful is "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, governor of Oklahoma. Meanwhile sentiment throughout the South is growing stronger for John Nance Garner of Texas, Democratic leader and speaker of the House. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War under President Wilson, also has a strong following. Other additions to the ranks are ex-Governor Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, Governor Albert Ritchie, of Maryland, and ex-Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri. Most disturbing to all these Presidential aspirations was the sudden entry into the picture, last month, of Alfred Emanuel Smith, who apparently plans to run again if he can get the nomination.

TIDBITS FROM THE NEWS

SONJA HENIE, a pretty, nineteen-year-old Norwegian girl, took the center of the stage last month at the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid. She won the world's figure skating championship for women. Most of the Olympic honors, however, went to American athletes, who beat their nearest rivals, Norway, Canada, and Sweden, by wide margins.

Premier Mussolini has been thundering against reducing diets. 56,000 fewer babies were born last year in Italy, and he blames



it on the fad for slimness. Patriotic Italian women are urged to eat more spaghetti and rice.

Richard Edgar Horatio Wallace, who used to write a detective novel a month and once had six of his plays running simultaneously, must have worked too hard, for he died last month at the age of fifty-six. So did Samuel Davis, who was playing the part of Angel Gabriel in "The Green Pastures." A peculiar fate seems to hang around this rôle of death's announcer. Davis was the second actor to play the rôle and answer to his own trumpet call.

Death Valley, California, is the lowest, hottest, driest spot in the United States, considerably below sea level. Last month a lake suddenly appeared at the bottom, but it won't last long.

Ernest H. Kaufold, a sixty-three-year-old letter-carrier of Amityville, Long Island, retired last month on a pension. He is planning to spend his leisure making long hikes, since that is his favorite recreation.

Jo Ann Cleans House

(Continued from page 20)

Paugh!" she exclaimed, for she had stepped into the pan of paste. The slimy, sticky stuff went above her shoe to her ankle, and in stepping out she overturned the pan. The paste slid into a big wet paste pie on the floor, and Jo Ann began scooping it into the pan with both hands. "Quick, Wicky! Help me!" she ordered.

They found towels and rags and rubbed the floor as clean as they could—fortunately Mary had not scrubbed it—and they washed their hands and Jo Ann made two trips for the ladder and the table. It seemed, when she returned, as if Wicky had done almost no wallpaper trimming.

"My goodness!" said Jo Ann. "We'll never get enough trimmed if you can't trim faster, Wicky. It will take us weeks and weeks. You peel the old paper off the wall and I'll go borrow a pair of shears."

Wicky dropped the inefficient embroidery scissors and turned to the wall.

"This paper was not trimmed," she said. "It is lapped over."

"Of course, silly! But only one side. One side has to be trimmed. Oh, look out!"

For Wicky had almost stepped into the paste. She pushed it under the bed, and in fifteen or twenty minutes Jo Ann returned with a fine large pair of shears. Wicky had peeled large irregular jags of the old paper from the wall, and now Jo Ann trimmed wallpaper while Wicky sat and watched.

"There!" said Jo Ann. "We'll hang this much first," and she carried the roll to the hall and laid it on the table. "I'm afraid this is going to be a little hard," she said when she had unrolled a stretch of the wallpaper. "We need a longer table. Get the paste, Wicky. Pshaw!" she exclaimed when she had applied a liberal supply of paste to the back of the wallpaper. "We should have measured off a piece first."

"That ought to be enough for one strip," Jo Ann went on, and she cut off that much, and the length immediately slid off the table. It caught for a moment on the metal corner of the card table, and a long gash ripped in the wet wallpaper. "Never mind," said Jo Ann. "It will paste shut on the wall. But when they tried to carry the long strip to the bedroom the wet corners pulled off in Wicky's hands."

"I'm so sorry!" Wicky said, but Jo Ann said it was no matter, some would have to be cut off at the bottom anyway.

They had forgotten to put the ladder near the wall, and when they reached the wall they had to put the moist and pasty paper down somewhere, and they laid it, paste up, on the bed while they arranged the ladder. Jo Ann took the undamaged corners, climbed the ladder and put her end carefully against the strip of molding.

"It's upside down," said Wicky. "The bouquets are all wrong side up, Jo Ann."

"Drat!" said Jo Ann. "Of course. We turned it around. We'll take a new piece."

But they had the same trouble with the new piece—or equally annoying trouble. This time the wallpaper mysteriously flapped its pasted side against Jo Ann's face and shoulder and smock, and tore when Wicky tried to straighten it. The next piece they got on the wall, but when Jo Ann tried to smooth it with the dry brush it lay (Continued on page 32)



Fight— to a Finish!

PHYSICIANS, nurses and public health workers are fighting brilliantly, doggedly and untiringly to conquer tuberculosis. They have cut the deathrate two-thirds in the past thirty years. But because the deathrate has steadily declined, many people are being lulled into a false sense of security, making the fight more difficult.

Tuberculosis is still the chief cause of death of persons between the ages of fifteen and forty-five in this country. Last year, in the United States, the disease cost about 86,000 lives.

Not merely the underfed and undernourished are stricken. Many who have every advantage that money and care can provide, unexpectedly develop active tuberculosis.

There is a modern defense against mankind's old enemy, once the most destructive of all diseases. By means of annual physical examinations which include X-ray and other tests for children, and fluoroscopic or X-ray examinations for older persons, the presence of tuberculosis can be detected before serious damage has been done to lungs, bones or other tissues.

Failing such regular health examinations—for old and young—tuberculosis will continue to attack unwary and unsuspecting victims.

Tuberculosis doesn't "just happen." Those in close contact with tuberculosis may contract the disease if not guarded against infection. Children are especially susceptible.

Early recognition is the all-important element in preventing the spread of tuberculosis in a family. Immediately after a person is discovered to have the disease, every member of his household should have a complete examination. Clinics are usually available if a private physician cannot be afforded. By prompt measures, it is often possible to find other cases of the disease in such early stages that a rapid and complete cure may be effected.

When each family gives this most valuable cooperation and when each doctor promptly searches for and reports all active cases, tuberculosis will be well on the way to extinction.

Victory can be won in this splendid war—but not until all take part in this fight to a finish.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Jo Ann Cleans House

(Continued from page 31)

with lumps and wrinkles, askew and crooked.

Paste now seemed to be everywhere. It was on the bed and on the floor, and a great deal of it was on Jo Ann and Wicky. There was paste on top of the card table so that the wallpaper stuck there, and there was paste on the hall floor where it had dribbled from the brush. But still the girls kept bravely on. Late in the afternoon they had two strips on the wall. The first was straight enough, but the second was not quite straight and besides, the little nosegays were not in line with the little nosegays in the first piece.

"It's just terrible, if you ask me," said Jo Ann, and she sat on the bed. "Do you see what's the matter with it?"

"Well, that tear in the middle of it shows," said Wicky.

"I don't mean that. We haven't cut it right. That first strip is cut right through the flowers at the top, and the second strip is cut between the bunches. See—here!"

Jo Ann jumped up to show Wicky, and the bed sheet came with her. She was pasted to it. She pulled the sheet loose petulantly.

"That second strip has to come off," she declared. "And we can't use it again. It will be too short if we cut any off it. Wicky, we'll never get this room papered, never!"

"No," said Wicky. "I know that now."

"And look at the room—look at the walls—it looks awful. It looks terrible."

"I know," said Wicky.

"Wicky," said Jo Ann, but Wicky did not say anything. She knew—or was pretty sure she knew—what Jo Ann was thinking. Tommy Bassick had boasted how he had papered his room. Mrs. Bassick had bragged that Tommy had papered his room as neatly as a paper-hanger could have done. Wicky knew what Jo Ann was thinking.

"Wicky," Jo Ann said, "I'll never, never, never ask Tommy Bassick to do me a favor."

"No," agreed Wicky. "I know you wouldn't, Jo Ann. But I don't believe we'll ever get this room papered."

"I told him I had housecleaned him out of my life, and I meant it."

"Of course you meant it," said Wicky.

"But this room does look simply frightful," said Jo Ann. "We can't leave it like this."

"I shouldn't think we could."

"Mary has some doughnuts, and she could make some sandwiches and cocoa."

"I could go over and ask Tommy and Ted to come over and help me paper the room," said Wicky. "I don't mind going over and asking them."

For a moment or two Jo Ann looked at Wicky and then she grinned.

"You don't have to go over," said Jo Ann. "You can telephone."

So, two minutes later, down the terrace and across the yard came Tommy Bassick and Ted Spence, laughing and tagging each other, and Jo Ann met them at the door.

"Hello, Jo Ann!" Tommy greeted his old enemy. "Show us that wallpaper."

"It's up here," said Jo Ann, "and thanks for coming."

Because, after all, when you clean house you sometimes move things out, expecting to keep them out, but find they are needed after all. Then it is no use being too stupid and stubborn about it, is it?

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Elto
Outboard Motor

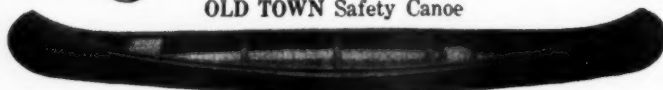


Columbia
BICYCLE
Girl's or
Boy's Model



Agfa Ansco
Motion
Picture Camera

OLD TOWN Safety Canoe



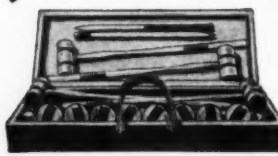
PRIZES
for 50 Next best answers
..Your Choice



**DAISY
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Hood Treasure Hunt



Rules of the Contest:

FIRST: Read the "Weaponless-Wound Mystery," printed above, and write your solution.
SECOND: Write a paragraph of not over 150 words, telling *why* you would like to wear a pair of Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole.

To help you, Hood has prepared a free book called, "101 Brain Twisters." It contains many detective mysteries for you to practice on (of the type you must solve in the Treasure Hunt) and many other fascinating "posers"! What is more, a practical *method* of solving such mysteries is outlined in the opening pages! Besides that, there is all the information you need to write a winning paragraph on Hood Shoes!

THIRD: Send your solution of the "Weaponless-Wound Mystery" and your paragraph on Hood Canvas Shoes to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.

Write your name, age, address and choice of "first" and "second" prizes at the top of each sheet of paper. Prizes will be awarded for the best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the mystery. All April Treasure Hunt answers must be mailed by May 15th.

REMEMBER! there will be two more Treasure Hunts, one in May and one in June; 52 prize winners will be selected each month. You may compete every month or once or twice. Prizes for April Treasure Hunt presented in June. Winners listed in the October Magazine.

LOOK INSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN INSOLE

Both stamped "Hood Hygeen Insole" for your protection

LOOK OUTSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN TAG...

The Weaponless-Wound Mystery

Twenty-five years ago, five conspirators against the Czar met in a lonely farmhouse in Siberia. There was not another house or building within five miles. It was bitterly cold. Snow blanketed the countryside; long icicles hung from the eaves. The five conspirators drove out in a drosky. They summoned the lone caretaker from the house and gave him a strange order—"Search us!" One by one he went through their clothes for concealed weapons. Then he drove away in the drosky to spend the night in a village six miles distant.

These precautions were necessary because each conspirator feared the others. They talked late but at last went to the single upstairs room to sleep. This room had one

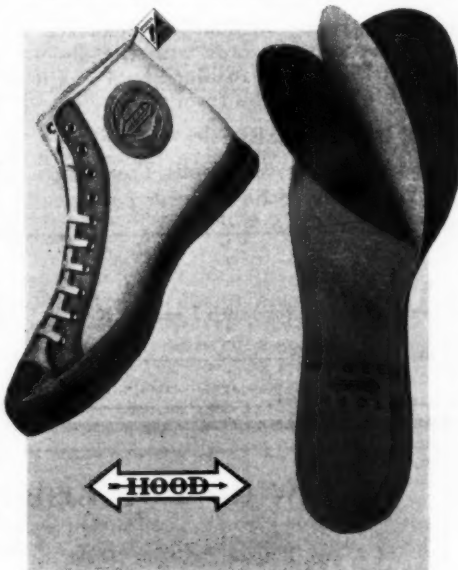
window and one door and five pallet beds. No other furniture. Conspirators X, Y, Z, W and P lay down to sleep in the order named. X placed his bed beneath the window, so no one could climb in or out without disturbing him. P set his bed against the door, so no one could pass without waking him. Y, Z and W slept in a row between. *But in the morning Z was dead, with a great bloody wound in his heart!*

The four surviving conspirators searched each other—the room—the house below. No weapon was found—no sharp object capable of making such a wound. No one was hiding in the house. Not a footstep showed on the snow outside. Only the double track of their drosky broke the shining expanse. It was evident one of the conspirators had stabbed Z! Who was the killer? What was the weapon? All the facts you need are given here.

Your mother won't object to "sneakers" now!

The new Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole remove all your mother's objections to your wearing "sneakers." For this insole prevents that "clammy dampness" and "sneaker-smell." It does this by keeping foot perspiration from soaking into the shoe! *Instead, it allows the moisture to evaporate naturally!* You will have cool, comfortable, tireless feet—in Hood Canvas Shoes!

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FREE! "101 Brain Twisters"—48 pages of Mysteries and Posers, with information to help you in the Treasure Hunt. Here's fun for Parties, etc.!



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Draw up Two Lists!

LIST NUMBER ONE—this should contain all the things you will want and need for camp or at home this summer.

LIST NUMBER TWO—this should have the names of friends your age who would like THE AMERICAN GIRL.

After you have assembled these lists read what Betty Brooks has to say on the inside front cover of this issue and send the coupon on page 42 to her at

THE AMERICAN GIRL
670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Send-and-Fotch Book

(Continued from page 9)

Nancy stared at it. Was there really something that could help Gran'pappy read?

"Hain't you never coming?" called Tom.

"Walk on," answered Nancy. "I'll foller."

With her stubby pencil she crossed out on the paper, "Red and white dress." And in its place she wrote, "Reading glass, \$1.20."

"Bye, Gran'pappy," she said huskily.

Her feet, usually so swift and sure, acted strangely as she hurried down the creek trail. They slipped on wet stones in the branch bed and stumbled. A blackberry bush stretched a teasing bramble across the path. But Nancy neither heard the rip of her dress as she passed it nor felt the ugly scratch it left on her cheek. The red dress was gone. She'd never see its gladsome color, never touch its ruffles that were crisp and white.

There was great excitement in the Davis cabin three weeks later when a neighbor stopped by to leave the mail order package. Nancy opened the box herself.

"I see some blue. Hit's my dress," shrieked Lucy.

"You're the awkwardest gal. Get out of my way," ordered Tom. "Thar's my overalls."

Nancy handed a package to old John Davis. "Here's a surprise fer you, Gran'pappy," she said.

With trembling fingers he unwrapped it. "Why, what be this? Hit's glass."

Nancy picked up the catalogue. "Hold the glass over some writing," she said eagerly. "I think that's how you use hit. Thar, now look through the glass."

The children crowded close. There was a breathless silence. The old man bent low and squinted through the oval. His voice came slow and wondering.

"Praise be to the Lord! I can read. I can see them words like my eyes was young ag'in. Hit's magic, pure magic. How come this charm to me, Nancy gal?"

Briefly she explained how she'd noticed the glass in the send-and-fotch book.

"Ne'er did I think sech happiness would reach me," marveled Gran'pappy. "I'm plumb wore out with happiness." And he sank down on a chair.

When the excitement had subsided Lucy suddenly cried, "Whar's Nancy's frock?"

"Why, hain't it here?" asked the old man anxiously.

Nancy picked up papers busily. "I changed my mind. It was too noisysome a color."

The children looked at her, perplexed. "But you wanted hit!" Lucy puzzled.

Gran'pappy looked at Nancy searchingly. "I allow with my glass you must 'a' spent all the money. Didn't you, gal?" he asked. "Nigh all."

"I reckoned so. You're the unselfishest gal ever I knowed, Nancy."

Nancy sent him a quick smile but her lips trembled.

Early in the morning a week later the Davis children started on their journey to Windsor-town. By taking two days for the twenty miles, they could get there easily.

"Now don't mourn e'en a little grain 'cause I can't go," Gran'pappy told them in farewell. "With my reading glass I'm so gladsome that I don't care 'bout seeing ten governors. Jes' go on and have a good time."

Tom and Lucy were in the gayest of spirits and Nancy had to remind them constantly not to go too fast and get worn out on the first part of the trip. All three wore their old clothes. The new apparel was wrapped in a gunny sack and slung across Nancy's back. Never before had the Davises been away from their valley and every twist of the trail was alluring. Although Nancy tried her best to think only of the frolicking ahead, her thoughts persisted in turning to the red dress. How happy she would be if it were tucked in the roll on her back. Instead she had with her the linsey dress. It was her winter frock. She had woven it from wool that she had dyed in walnut bark. It was a coarse, heavy dress. How uncomfortable she'd look and feel in it on a hot day.

It was very early in the morning when the children entered Windsor-town on the day of the celebration. But already the town was full of people.

"Lookit the big houses," said Tom pointing to a small two-story building.

"Lawdy, I never knowed there was so many folks in all Kaintucky," gasped Nancy.

Up and down the street the three went, halting at each tiny store window to inspect the displays with wondering eyes. By nine o'clock the dusty street was milling with people. Soon the crowd began to move toward a vacant lot where stood a great tent. Walking in the midst of the throng Nancy and the children found themselves pushed into the tent. Grabbing Tom and Lucy, Nancy propelled them up an aisle to a bench directly in front of the platform.

"My, we shore got fine places," she panted.

"What comes now?" whispered Lucy.

"I heered somebody say the governor talks in here," said her sister.

Nancy glanced at the women around her. Most of them wore bright colored calicos and ginghams. A few even had cheap silks.

"Howdy, Nancy," said a patronizingly sweet voice.

Directly behind Nancy sat Mary Perkins in a red silk dress with a yellow straw hat atop her yellow curls. Nancy caught her breath at the sight of such finery. She managed a smile. Then she sank down as low as she could so the old winter's dress wouldn't show any more than necessary. The dress was terribly hot and Nancy's face felt red.

Mary leaned forward to say, "I was proud pappy could help you out by buying that hog. He says hit really wa'n't worth the money but he aimed to give you a little extra money seeing you hain't got any pappy."

Nancy flushed crimson and opened her lips to answer. But a piano began to bang out the national anthem. There followed speeches by Windsor officials, speeches by politicians from outside towns and more singing. Nancy scarcely heard them all. Why did Mary Perkins have to sit right behind her all dressed up in red silk while she wore her brown winter linsey?

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my great pleasure and privilege to present the Honorable George Henderson Williams, governor of the state of Kentucky."

With a start Nancy realized where she was. She looked up at the tall handsome man with white hair and kindly face. In a strong, compelling voice he spoke.

"No people in the United States have more right to be proud of their ancestry than have you mountain folk of Kentucky. It was your great- (Continued on page 36)



The training secret of the "hurdling comet"

WATCH Jean. Out in front! Look at her sail over the obstacles. She's leading! Come on, Jean! Come on!... Hurry, Jean wins!

Classmates crowd around her! Congratulations! We're proud of you, Jean! Someone asks for an interview for the school paper. Training?... "Well, like all athletes in training, I eat right, sleep eight hours, exercise regularly. And one very important rule that I never forget—is this: Wash hands often—*always* before meals—with Lifebuoy, the germ-removing soap. The Lifebuoy Wash-Up Chart is a dandy reminder."

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The Send-and-Fotch Book

(Continued from page 35)

grandparents and their parents who first hewed their way through the forests from the Atlantic seaboard.

"The early Kentucky men were brave and courageous. But to me the women were the greatest to be admired. They left security and comfort. They came into the wilderness to fight beside their men, to bear children in deprivation, to care for their families undaunted and tireless. They made their own soap. They ground their own corn. They even spun their own clothes and—"

The voice broke off and Nancy who had been sitting erect with glowing, uplifted face felt the governor's glance meet hers. He stepped to the edge of the platform. He leaned forward. "Would the little girl with the brown hair and brown dress mind standing up just a moment?"

Nancy looked about her.

"You. I mean you. The little lady in the second row between the two children," said the governor.

Someone touched Nancy's shoulder. "He means you," people said. "Stand up, gal."

Bewildered, Nancy found herself half lifted to her feet by her neighbors.

"That's a lovely dress you have on, little girl," said the speaker. "Isn't it a hand-woven linsey?"

She nodded dumbly.

"I thought so. My grandmother had one. And who wove it?"

"I—I did."

"Really! Would you come up here?"

As in a dream Nancy walked up the platform steps. The governor took her hand and turned her to the audience. "I singled this girl out while I was talking, for her dress is a linsey like one my grandmother had. I am glad that the customs of our ancestors are not forgotten. I am glad that our mountain women do not all wear store dresses and that by the light of the open fire one Kentucky girl still weaves her gowns.

"I have visited many cities and seen fine ladies in silks and satins but to me no dress I saw was as lovely as this homespun brown linsey." Turning, he clasped Nancy's hand.

There was tumultuous applause. People stood up as Nancy went down to her seat. They craned their necks to see the girl who had been honored by the governor. Lucy and Tom gripped her arms tightly, their faces shining. Even Tom was speechless. The governor continued his address but Nancy's head was so awlirl that she didn't hear his words. Toward the end of the program Nancy could not resist looking over her shoulder at Mary Perkins. Mary's smile was ingratiating and honey-sweet. "It's a lovely dress," her lips formed the words.

Nancy smiled a wise little smile of triumph of herself. She smoothed the brown linsey over her knees. It was a pretty weave after all. It must be getting cooler all of a sudden for she now felt very comfortable in the winter dress. It was lucky she hadn't worn a flimsy store dress like the others.

Lucy plucked at her sleeve. "Hain't you proud you wore your old frock?" she said.

Nancy nodded. "The red dress was right smart looking," she whispered back. "But hit was too noisysome a color. A body wouldn't feel to live with hit long."

Gardens as a Profession

(Continued from page 17)

summer vacation, all my plans went glimmering. I fell in love and married. For a few years, I was quite content with the life of a young society matron.

"But soon Oconomowoc, where we spent summers, began to seem woefully dull. Lake Forest was gayer, more hunting parties, more dances, more interesting, attractive people. On the plea of wishing to attend a summer course in landscape gardening offered in Lake Forest, I persuaded my father to pay my expenses there. This was merely an excuse. I was really looking for pleasure, but I knew an educational appeal always met with his generous response. But in Lake Forest the tables were turned and the joke was on me. I became so interested that I determined to continue landscaping.

"At the head of the course was a professor from the University of Illinois. Since my student days were supposed to be over, I couldn't leave my home and my husband to become a college girl again, so I hired a student earning her way through college, a stenographer, to attend that course of lectures, transcribe every word spoken in the classroom and mail the copy to me. So carefully did she obey instructions that if someone entered the room and said 'hello,' there was 'hello' in the copy. I worked on that course as I never worked before. On the side, I tutored privately in drafting, design, engineering and architecture. Consequently, although I was only actually at the University a part of each month, I completed a four-year course in two years.

"I was a full-fledged landscape architect ready to accept commissions and fortunate enough to have some offered me, when America entered the war and I had the opportunity to go to France. But after the armistice, all my ambitions returned. While I was waiting to get back home, I studied at the Sorbonne until I was able to get an educational leave in England. Here I was fortunate to have the help of an influential friend of my family with a home and a car in London. Both these were put at my disposal and, for many months, I made daily excursions in every direction within a radius of a hundred miles from London, studying the beautiful English gardens—and there are none more beautiful.

"Before I started home in 1919, a prominent English architect said to me, 'I have a friend in New York whom you should meet' and gave me the name of one of our foremost landscape architects. 'I will write him about you. Call on him sometime.'

"I followed his suggestion and to my amazement this important man received me cordially, saying, 'You are just what I am looking for, a woman trained. Why don't you come into my office?' Instead of returning to Milwaukee, I remained in New

York where I was his assistant for three years and then started out for myself."

"What are the qualities that produce a successful landscape architect?" I asked.

"It is baffling to try to name them all. One must know plant life forward and backward; one must know architecture; have an understanding of many of the arts and of the difficult intricacies of engineering. In addition one must have the almost ox-like physical strength to supervise a gang of workmen through the sun, the wind and the rain from start to finish of an enormous job. One must be business executive, artist, master of detail.

"Also," says Mrs. Flanders, "for one who wants to get to the top, a knowledge of the social graces is useful. The girl with a cultural background has an advantage."

"Why is it so few women really get to the top?" I asked.

"The reason for that is that so few are willing to stick it out. The work is harder than they expect it to be—harder in every way. First, comes a tremendous burst of enthusiasm; then, after they get so far, comes a period of drudgery. The reward seems far off. The experience of a girl in my office is typical. I was delighted with her work. I had watched her carefully and decided that in three months more I would take her into the business; but I did not tell her this. Then came a period of dull hard work. She thought she should have a raise. I encouraged her but promised nothing. I wanted to see if she had the stamina to stick it out. She didn't. Someone offered her a better salary and she quit—for higher pay but less future."

At this point in our conversation the telephone began to ring, first intermittently, then incessantly. There were many calls for Mrs. Flanders; appointments with clients, photographers, draftsmen; her secretary reminded her that before she left for Chicago tomorrow, the troublesome income tax must be made out. Yes, she is a busy person.

"But the work is fascinating; it isn't drudgery," she reminded me, in case I felt sorry for her because she was so rushed.

"And what will you be doing next?" I asked. "More million dollar gardens?"

"Already I have enough planned for one lifetime," she said. "But if I'm ever born again I shall make this demand of the Powers that Be. I shall say, 'Dear Lord, I won't go down to earth again unless you make me a blonde, the beautiful helpless kind with curls and innocent blue eyes whom someone always picks up and dusts off if she happens to tumble, with a rich, adoring husband and six handsome children.'"

I laughed aloud and Annette laughed with me. Both of us knew in our hearts that if that had been what she wanted of life she would have got it long ago.



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Mary Ellen Golfs

(Continued from page 15)

whole afternoon putting and by five-thirty Mary Ellen had mastered the fundamental technique of the stroke.

Two days later we again forgot our academic courses and spent an afternoon on the golf course—this time to work on the mashie and niblick.

"A good short game is essential," I began. "When you get to the point where you can pitch a ball thirty yards to a point near the pin, you're getting there."

"What pin?" asked Mary Ellen.

"Sorry," I smiled. "The pin is the pole that marks the hole. Called a flag, too. Sometimes you get behind a bunker, and the pin is the only sign of the green. You aim for that."

"Umm," nodded Mary Ellen. "Sort of a safety pin, huh?"

"Now then," I grinned, "comes more difficult stuff. The iron and wooden clubs are lots harder to manage than the putter. The idea is this. You stand a little farther away from the ball than you do when putting. A good way to get the correct distance is to lay the clubhead on the ground back of the ball and step toward it until the top of the shaft touches a point just above your left knee. Then take your stance. The feet should be spread apart about fourteen inches, knees slightly bent. The body, of course, will be bent at the waist. Use the overlapping grip and 'address' the ball by wagging the clubhead back and forth over it to be sure you're standing at the proper distance to hit it with the center of the club face, and that you're aiming for the flag.

"Now for the swing. The club is brought back slowly and evenly until the clubhead is almost back of you, and your hands are near a level with the right shoulder. Keep the left arm *straight* and the right arm and wrists flexible. The shoulders pivot around, but the head is held in one position. At the top of the back swing—which is slow and deliberate—you'll be looking down at the ball over your left shoulder which is at the same level as the right shoulder. The left knee is now bent in toward the right, and the left foot has pivoted on the toe, the heel turned out toward the direction in which the ball is to go.

"Swing. The club comes down in an arc to hit the ball. The shoulders and upper part of the body turn from the waist, and the weight begins to shift from the right to the left foot. Do not let the body sway from side to side, and *keep your eyes on the ball*. Most of the power of the swing is in the arms and wrists—if you try to 'kill' the ball by bringing the body into it, you'll probably ruin the stroke. Keep your eye on the spot where the ball *was*, until you count five. And let the clubhead follow through all the way."

Mary Ellen tried to follow my directions, but there were so many things to think about all at once that she found it difficult.

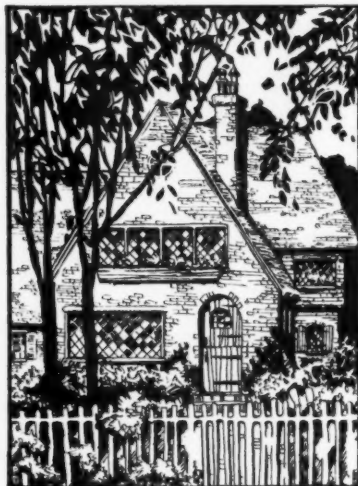
"Practice swinging the club with the left hand only," I suggested. "Makes it easier to get the hang of it. Don't 'pull' the club as soon as you've hit the ball because that lessens the power of the stroke. The whole stroke, which is parallel to the line of play, describes practically a complete circle."

"Is that all?" said Mary Ellen, smirking.

"No," I grinned. "Remember that if you look up to see where the ball is going, you're bound to disturb your swing. You're likely to top it; that is, hit the ball on the top and lose the power."

Mary Ellen tried hard, and was soon making some pretty fair shots down the fairway. She lacked some directional control, but I told her that would come in time.

"The strength of the shot is regulated by the length of the back swing," I said. "A full back swing means maximum distance, but a short back swing naturally cuts down on the power. The back swing for the irons is shorter than that used for the wooden clubs. For instance, with the mid-



iron the back swing should be cut down to about half of that of the driver or brassie.

"The niblick is used the same way as the mashie," I went on, "except when the ball is in tall grass or sand. In the latter case, you do not hit the ball directly—you *chop* it out by hitting the sand or grass slightly *behind* the ball."

I explained further that short approach shots were of two kinds—pitch and run-on. Pitch shots send the ball up into the air in an arc that brings it down on the green with a minimum of roll, and run-on shots send it running along the ground.

On the way home I initiated her into some of the mysteries of golf rules and etiquette. "When you get to playing around the course," I said, "you'll want to remember not to drive off a tee until the players ahead of you have taken their second shots and are well out of range. Do not talk while other people are driving, and do not stand in back of them. If you get lost in the rough and cannot quickly locate the ball, signal to the players back of you to 'come on through', since they are not supposed to do so until you let them. On the green do not stand so that your shadow falls across the line your partner or opponent's ball is to take—it disturbs the aim. Also remember that the ball farthest away from the hole is the one to be played first. The one who makes the lowest score on any hole drives first on the next tee."

During the following week Mary Ellen picked up the technique of the mid-iron and brassie and took some driving lessons

from the professional at the country club.

"McKay stopped me from overswinging," she told me later. "The ball would start out all right but suddenly veer off to the right and disappear into some woods or something."

"That was slicing," I said. "And you probably stood too close to the ball and hooked to the left, too, didn't you?"

"Sure," said Mary Ellen. "Everybody do!"

"Well, let me know when you want to play with me," I told her. "Meantime, see if you can't drive off a tee some day and make a hole in one. It's good for a season ticket from the club, ginger ale from a ginger ale company, a dozen golf balls from somewhere else, and a box of cigars from a cigar factory."

"That would be dandy," smiled Mary Ellen. "There's nothing like a box of cigars to cheer me up!"

Two weeks later Dick Miller, a fraternity brother, and I were sitting on a bench at the third tee, waiting for a slow foursome to get out of our way. Now the third tee is adjacent to the greens of the second and fifth holes, which are short ones, being 110 and 126 yards respectively, and a clump of trees and two bunkers make it difficult to see anyone's approach to either green. The three holes collectively form a huge T—the second hole being the left part of the top of the T, and the fifth hole being the right half of the top part. Both holes face in toward the vertical part of the T which represents the third hole.

The foursome ahead of us finally got far enough away for us to drive, and Miller and I teed up. Another foursome behind us had just putted out on the second green when suddenly a single ball landed on the second green and dropped into the cup.

"Somebody must have made a hole in one," observed Dick with a grin.

We looked around but were unable to see anyone approaching because of the trees.

Just then Mary Ellen appeared on the scene.

"Hello, Bob!" she called cheerily. "See anything of the ball I just drove?"

"You just drove a ball onto the green?" I asked, suddenly excited.

Mary Ellen nodded. "I just drove," she said. "Don't know if it landed on the green."

"It not only landed on the green," I cried, "but it landed in the cup! You've made a hole in one!"

That started off the fireworks. The foursome all rushed up to shake hands with the bewildered Mary Ellen.

"Nice work!" Dick cried. "You're the first one to have done that this season! Where's your score card—we'll all sign it so you can collect your deserved rewards."

After all the congratulations and general huzzahs had worn away, Mary Ellen, Dick and I started back to the clubhouse. A hole in one is an occasion and we wanted to make the most of it. I wanted specifically to see that proper record was made of it so that Mary Ellen could take advantage of all the free gifts that several national manufacturers present to such fortunate golfers and garner a little fame as well.

"McKay," I said to the pro, "Mary Ellen

just made a hole in one on the second!"

The pro smiled. "Fine!" he said. "That means free golf for the rest of the season, and all kinds of free merchandise. What club did you drive with?"

"A mid-iron," Mary Ellen told him. "The fifth is only a hundred and ten yards, but I thought I'd better—"

"The fifth?" frowned McKay. "I thought you said the second."

"I drove off the fifth," Mary Ellen chirped, "but the ball hooked around to the left and landed on the second green."

My heart did a flipflop and I looked vacantly at Miller. Miller's mouth had dropped open. Mary Ellen looked blank.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

"Too bad, Mary Ellen," I blurted out. "Your hole in one doesn't count. If you had holed out on the fifth green, it would have been a hole in one, but now it isn't."

"Oh," stammered Mary Ellen sheepishly. "I'm—I'm sorry to have caused all this fuss! I never thought about that—"

"We did rush you a little," I admitted. "But we thought of course that you were playing the second hole instead of the fifth. It never entered my head that you might have been slightly off as to direction."

Disappointment. Consolations. And five minutes later we started off on the first tee again, Dick and I doing our best to cheer up poor Mary Ellen who naturally felt somewhat depressed after her fleeting taste of fame.

"Never mind, old scout," I said. "You're getting along fine. Dick and I have been playing golf for five years and we've never made a hole in one."

Mary Ellen smiled faintly. "Golf," she said, "looks easy."

"It is," I grinned, "the way Bobby Jones plays it!"

Patsy Cracks a 'Chute

(Continued from page 12)

whole lot as far as the Todd family is concerned, but don't worry, keep your head and hold on to the rip cord."

He reached out his hand to the pilot. "So long, Lincoln!" he said. "Take good care of her. I want her to grow up to be a pilot."

As they waited to take off, Patsy felt not at all afraid but very much as if it were all a dream. Before her the shining propeller revolved slowly and behind her the stern face of her pilot was turned toward her.

"Not scared a bit, are you?" he asked, over the purr of the motor. "There's really nothing to it, when you make a jump like this. Getting out when a ship's spinning—that's different."

"Have you made a jump yourself?" Patsy asked him. He laughed.

"Twice, flying the mail," he answered, "and one of them was due to a nasty spin, too. But an exhibition jump is simple. We'll climb to four thousand, to give you plenty of time, and I'll put you off in a spot that ought to help you land where you want. It could be a pull-off—that's where you stand on the wing and let the air take care of the 'chute, once you pull the rip cord—but it's not so easy for a girl to climb out, so we'll do a free jump. Then I'll get away, so there's no danger of the tail fouling your chute, and see if you land before I come down."

"There's the (Continued on page 42)

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Favorite Types on April's Bookshelves

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

IN RECOGNITION of the light and airy feeling induced by the month of April, as so joyously expressed in this poem of William Watson, the books we'll discuss this month will be chiefly the kind so many among you prefer above all others, no matter how good the others may be. This kind, as I gather from your letters, is represented first, by convincing stories about other girls, and second, by mystery stories. Although this is what might be called the ice cream soda of the book world, and could not remain a satisfying diet for very long, fortunately there are good books this month which typify it, particularly in the real "girl-book" section.

Mountain Girl by Genevieve Fox (Little, Brown) introduces us to Sairy Ann Hall, a Kentucky girl. There is a fine feeling of Kentucky's beauty given by the end papers of the book, in which Forrest Orr, the artist, brings vividly before us the roll and richness of the famous hills. Doubly pathetic, therefore, is the struggle of the mountaineers with such poverty and barrenness that they cannot yield to the spell of their surroundings. Sairy Ann is as poor as any of them, but there is something in her which makes her determined to get at least some "book-larnin'," and even a high school education. Richard Lawrence, the young "forched-on furrin' teacher," whom Sairy's intuition and courage have saved from a savage attack by Dan, appreciates her pluck and encourages her ability to such an extent that he tells her—ignorant little Sairy—that her people must be saved from their own ignorance. Never does Sairy lose sight of the confidence he has shown in her and, whether she presents a rocking

chair to her overworked mother, or sees to it that the Hollybush children have a real Christmas, or puts her experience as a trained nurse at their disposal, her people are her first care. Yet she is no saint or prig—she sings the Kentucky folksongs and palpitates to a trip to New York and rebels against the rigor of her nurse's training, as any girl would do.

Porto Rican Felita, in *Felita* by Chesley Kahmann (Doubleday, Doran and the Junior Literary Guild), is also an ambitious girl, not so much for her people as for her own immediate family and herself. There is no Richard Lawrence in Felita's story, Felita being urged forward by the laziest father imaginable. Although he is selfish and indifferent to the needs of his family, so skillfully is the story told that eventually we understand perfectly his funny mixture of bravado and indolence, just as we get to understand Felita herself. Fully as plucky as Sairy Ann, the fact that the enervating Porto Rican climate makes her fall asleep occasionally in the midst of her ambitious plans, interferes not at all with her carrying them out. One of her outstanding characteristics is pride—the pride which forbids her to accept graft in any shape or form as do her family and her friend Rosa as a matter of course, but which goads her on to earn her own privileges. When Juana, her mother, is hurt in an automobile accident, Felita assumes the responsibilities of the household, which include the doing of laundry work for Doña Mercedes, cooking coffee and rice for the entire large family without a coffee bean or a grain of rice on the horizon, and keeping the hair on some six heads combed by means of a single, almost toothless comb. She revolutionizes matters by actually keeping for family needs some of the money received for the laundry work instead of turning it over to Papa Pedro, and she sees to it also that that lazy person, contentedly swinging in the hammock which should not have been a hammock at all, but shoes for Felita, provides the coffee and the rice. All the time she draws nearer to her own goal, toward which a slender embroidery needle and the vision of Porto Rican palms embroidered on a tablecloth beckon her in-

cessantly. There are all sorts of touches to her story which transport us bodily to Porto Rico; and though at times we feel the tarantulas crawling through the cracks of the miserable floor, and are uncomfortably conscious of the general dirt and squalor of Felita's surroundings, we are under the spell of the country as woven by a keen and fun-loving observer.

The Lost Princess of Yucatan by Idella Purnell (Henry Holt and Company) brings us also to semi-tropical surroundings, where Lupe and her American friend Anne go bathing in an underground pool, so mysterious that Anne starts to recite "Kubla Khan" and Lupe, in stubbing her toe, finds that the cause has been nothing less than an old idol. The old idol is not the only object Lupe finds in the course of their outings through storied Yucatan, and a certain string of jade beads, not to mention a golden disc, play important parts in the solution of the troubles which come to them and to Anne's brother Bob while his father is absent in America. Anne's generous friendliness toward Lupe, who is at first disdainfully disposed of by the other girls as merely the inhabitant of a palm-thatched adobe hut "with a fat old mother fanning the fire all day and watching the beans to see that they don't boil over" is more than rewarded when Lupe is instrumental in rescuing her from kidnapers, and in more than one sense the snobbish criticisms of the other girls are proved entirely unjustified.

The Secret of Hallam House by Nina Brown Baker (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard) gives us not only the kind of girls many of us enjoy meeting, but a good and compactly-told mystery story as well. Bernice and Nancy Enfield come to the little town of Rosemont from big, bustling Chicago. From the first moment they take possession of the old Hallam House, long unoccupied, and see a dark face scowling at them from the branches of the big elm tree outside the window of the Egyptian room, the presence of an absorbing mystery is with us. Owing to the pluck of the girls, the sullen Ali, old Mr. Hallam's Egyptian servant, is captured, and reveals the story of the vanished Girdle of Isis. Then the mystery becomes increasingly teasing, and it is no wonder Mr. Enfield cannot get his book written, although certainly his two pretty daughters, such contrasts in character and appearance, do their best to keep the constantly growing excitement from intruding upon him. Fourteen-year-old Nancy is almost too clever. It would be quite enough of an achievement for her to guess the part the little yellow cup, with its hieroglyphics, was to play in the solution, but to be able to wring the long-guarded secret from Bubastis, the great Egyptian stone cat—one can only say, with the aunts in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—"ef she ain't the beatin'est child!" Hallam House nobly sustains its reputation for mystery, and its story is well told.

Days of Gold by Anne Spence Warner (Bobbs-Merrill) gives us a mystery tale of another kind. Through this tale of a ranch girl of today we hear the call of the 'seventies in Colorado—the time when Ulysses Grant, visiting a boom town, walked from his carriage to his hotel over a road paved with silver bricks. When Lynn Thayer first rode into Central City with her father, it was to her only "a forsaken

old dump", but the finding of Yvonne's old diary in a deserted house completely changes her point of view. The house, though so long unoccupied, is in good condition but in bad repute, and Lynn is able to buy it, furnishings, diary and all, for ten dollars. As she transports it bodily to the struggling Thayer ranch, Barbie, riding by in her car is nearly struck by one of the large urns from the grounds. In the course of a summer's friendship thus excitingly commenced, the two girls spend absorbed hours pouring over the old diary, which makes tantalizing references to a hoard of gold concealed in a mine. The locating of the gold becomes their urgent objective, but Lynn refuses to allow her 1931 self to be too much encouraged by so remote a possibility. Her earnest desire is to go through Agricultural College and, with unexpected money earned from a brave rescue she makes at a rodeo, she buys a flock of lambs, planning to earn enough money from the future sale of their curly caracul skins to accomplish this ambition. But the lambs seem bound to put her through her own paces instead, until by dint of much hard work her efforts are rewarded. When, finally, the hoard of gold is unearthed, it seems indeed as though the days of gold—those of the 'seventies—had returned in all their glory.

Perhaps you will note that in all four of these stories which introduce to us girls of the most varied types, the idea of their earning money is stressed. It may be for their own educations, as in the case of Sairy Ann and Lynn or, partly, at least, to escape the unjust domination of surroundings, as with Felita, or to help in the continuance of some fine work which requires financing, as with Nancy and Barbara, whose father needed money to live on if he were to finish his book. All of us have felt the pressure of such necessity, but there are equally urgent needs when people are growing up—or when they seem to have finished the process, for that matter. One of the most pronounced of these is the necessity to express ourselves in some manner in addition to that of the wage earner. How universal is this need is proven in one of the most interesting of the books this month, *Younger Poets*, which is an anthology of poems by boys and girls of high school age, edited by Nellie B. Sargent (Appleton). It is most exhilarating to see how successfully these girls and boys present their moods, aspirations and questions. There is one poem in particular which seems to me of especial appeal. It is called "Anticipation" and is by Muriel Hagar Hess. Here it is:

Christine, have you stood on a hill
And longed for romance?
And did you find it?
Neither did I!
Neither did I!
Christine, have you stood by a lake
And wished for adventure?
And did you find it?
Neither did I!
Neither did I!
Christine, have you lived all your life,
Waiting, waiting?
So have I!
Oh Christine, so have I!

If you enjoy these poems, try *Creative Youth* by Hughes Means, published some three years ago (Doubleday, Doran).



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Patsy Cracks a 'Chute

(Continued from page 39)

signal. Wave your hand to the crowd, stand up so they can see you're real, and we'll be on our way."

So Patsy stood and waved. Then came the roar of the motor.

"All set?" called John Lincoln in the traditional words of the pilot to his comrade. She nodded and pulled down her goggles as he did his. The ship rushed forward, skimmed across the runway and took the air.

On the first swooping, upward banking turn, she looked down on the crowded grandstand where myriad pink spots represented upturned faces. She waved again, and then settled back, resolving not to think about what was ahead of her until the time came to "bail out" for now that she was actually on the way to this new experience, this great adventure, she felt a funny little shiver, a sort of dropping of her heart, which made her wonder if she could be, for the first time since she had started to fly, actually afraid.

Higher and higher the ship mounted to the steady, soothing drone of the great engine, and unable to resist the fascination of flight, Patsy looked about and below again, watching the ships which had been flying before she started going down to earth as they were flagged to their landings by signals from the field. The white circle in the center of the crowded airport below her seemed very far away and she was regarding it and wondering how any parachute jumper ever reached a certain mark, when she heard the motor suddenly quiet, the ship went into a glide and the voice of John Lincoln came to her ears.

"On the next turn, bail out over the left wing," he said. "But wait until I nod."

"O. K.," answered Patsy in a businesslike manner, and stood up, releasing the safety belt and looking down at her parachute. It was a seat pack, with all the usual cumbersome harness of webbing and metal buckles, and the metal ring which marked the rip cord was on her left side, theoretically in easy reach of her right hand. For a minute she felt distinctly scared, then forgot all about it.

There was the turn, into the wind, the tilt of the ship that she knew so well from her own experience as a pilot, then a slight leveling out. The rush of wind was tremendous, but suddenly Patsy felt entirely calm and confident. She took one glance at the field below and saw that she was not directly above the landing mark, but knew that was because her pilot was allowing for the wind. The field looked far down, but she did not feel afraid. Clasp the metal ring of the rip cord with her right hand, she made ready to step out and off, her eyes intent on Lincoln. As she watched, he nodded to her decisively.

Without an instant's hesitation, she stepped over the side, facing the pilot, called to him with a smile, "Here goes nothing!" and stepped off, into thin air.

She had kept her eyes open, facing down, as she jumped, and knew instinctively that the plane had rushed away, safe and high, leaving her free of dangerous entanglements. But it was not only instinctive knowledge, for what had been a brown field

below her suddenly became empty blue sky, and she realized that she was turning head over heels but still holding to the ring.

"Something like a loop and a spin combined," she thought.

She had been told to count three to five before pulling the cord, but she had read that it was safer to wait for two complete turns over and over, only she now realized how difficult it was to count turns when one was spinning like this. But while bright blue sky and dull brown-green field were alternating before her amazed eyes, she was still, sub-consciously, counting and when she had reached five, she pulled the ring, wondering whether it would work.

For an instant nothing seemed to happen, then she felt a sudden jerk of the harness and knew that the 'chute had opened above her. Looking up she saw the really beautiful sight of the great white circle, with its myriad white silken ropes supporting her in the harness of webbing. Even as she watched, it seemed to spread, larger and fuller and more buoyant, until it resembled a marvelous great white flower above her, and she was floating, serenely, calmly and slowly down. It was delightful.

Then she glanced down, to see the field closer and the faces, pink against a varied background, intently upturned. "All of them looking at me," she thought, and suddenly realized why, so that she searched frantically for the circle. There it was, not far below, but to one side. Remembering what she had been told of the way to steer a parachute, she grasped the silken shrouds on one side and pulled, so the parachute was tilted, some air released and she went toward the circle. Closer and closer came the cars and ships and even the people below. She descended into the field, a slim figure in white below the great white mushroom of silk. Holding her knees bent, to break the descent, she came at last to earth, in almost the exact center of the landing mark.

People rushed to greet her as she picked herself up in the great mass of white silk. And foremost was her father. She pushed her goggles back on her head, gathered up an armful of the parachute silk and ran toward him, tripping over the masses of cords but keeping on her feet.

"Oh, Dad," she cried, "it was wonderful—almost more fun than flying! I'm not a bit afraid to have anything happen in the air, now. I just love bailing out."

"But your mother says her hair has turned white while she watched you coming down," said Mr. Todd, "so never do it again unless it's really necessary and in that case, you'll belong to the Caterpillar Club, a very exclusive outfit." Here Betty came running up.

"Oh, Patsy!" she cried, "you've won the most wonderful cup, all silver and wings and things. It's exactly what we need for our room at school. Now we have something to keep the mail in."

But Patsy was thinking of little Eliza Garnerin and all the other girls and men who had jumped from balloons in parachutes long ago.

"No wonder they kept on trying," she said, but nobody knew what she was talking about and she didn't bother to explain.

Eggs at Easter Time

(Continued from page 13)

or favors, may be put into tiny paper or basket nests and used in a treasure hunt, as a part of an Easter hiking party.

But to me the most interesting experiment was making the shells into tiny flower pots for equally tiny plants to take the place of Easter cards, or to be used as favors at an Easter party.

To make the pots, punch a hole with a pin in the side of an egg. Then, with a pair of nail scissors, cut the eggs in half, reserving the contents for cooking. Rinse the shells in cold water and dye them green. Put a little sand in the shell and put in a tiny plant. I used cacti, but crocus bulbs are very nice. Fasten the pots to a round tag with a little rubber cement, or set them in stands made from small paper cups, cut as shown in the photograph.

Since this is to be a cooking article, I must tell you what to do with what comes inside the egg. Here are some suggestions.

French Omelette en Surprise

Allow two eggs for each serving. Chop some onions and fry until they are golden brown in color. Season with salt. Add salt to the eggs and beat slightly. Pour them over the onions and turn the flame low. When the eggs are set around the edges, run a knife around and lift the edges a little so that the uncooked part on top will run down on the sides. Keep tilting the pan until the mixture is set. Then fold the omelet over and slide it onto one end of a hot platter.

The first time I made this omelet I put buttered carrots at the other end of the platter. Another time I covered it with strips of crisp bacon. A third time I surrounded it with halves of grilled tomatoes, and still another with slices of sautéed apples.

Planked Eggs

I would like to tell you about one more substantial egg dish, which can be used for an occasion, and that is corned beef hash with poached eggs served on a plank. You may make your own corned beef hash or buy it canned. Heat the hash and spread it on a plank, leaving a bare place around the edge. With the bottom of a custard cup, make four nests in the hash. Cut tomatoes in half and cook, first on one side and then on the other until barely tender. While the tomatoes are cooking, poach four eggs. Now put an egg in each hash nest. Put a little melted butter, pepper and salt on each. Arrange the tomatoes on the bare space around the edge of the hash island. Put in the oven long enough to brown the hash a little before serving.

Since *bors d'œuvres* and *canapés* are so popular nowadays, I want to give you some party recipes for them. Almost any of these may be used for salads by doubling the quantity.

Savory Eggs with Sauce Tartare

Put four eggs in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Set over the fire. Bring to the boiling point, then cover. Reduce the heat so that the water will not boil, and let stand for (Continued on page 44)



But how the boys "rush" her now!

*She has gained 12 pounds
this pleasant way*

TWO short months ago Peggy was the prize wallflower of her class. At every school dance you'd see her "parked" against the wall—thin as a rail in her party dress—looking lonely and ready to cry.

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Eggs at Easter Time

(Continued from page 43)

at least thirty minutes. Pour off the hot water. Cover with cold water and cool.

Remove the shells and cut the eggs in half. Remove the yolk from the white, mash, season with a little mayonnaise and a teaspoon of anchovy paste, and refill the whites. Cut four medium tomatoes in halves, sprinkle well with salt, and set half a stuffed egg on top. Garnish with a small lettuce cup filled with *sauce tartare*.

Sauce Tartare

1 cup mayonnaise	1 tablespoon
1 tablespoon capers	1 tablespoon minced olives
1 tablespoon chopped pickles	1 tablespoon minced parsley
	1 teaspoon grated onion

Mix the ingredients thoroughly. Serve as individual helpings in lettuce cups.

Eggs in Tomato Aspic

Add one-fourth cup of cold water to one tablespoon of gelatin. To this add one can of hot, well-seasoned tomato juice cocktail and stir until the gelatin is melted. Pour a thin layer of this into small glass dishes. When it has hardened, settle a whole hard cooked, or a half of an egg stuffed, the latter preferably, in this layer. Then fill with jelly. Set away to harden.

To serve, set the glass dishes on small plates, garnish the tops of eggs with mayonnaise or *sauce tartare*, and serve with toasterettes or other small crisp crackers.

Eggs en Surprise

Cut hard cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Take out the yolks and mix with a little cream or melted butter. Season with Worcestershire sauce and beat until light and fluffy. Now prepare the surprise. In each half egg white, put an anchovy, a stuffed olive cut in slices, a little caviar, deviled ham, sardine paste, or some minced pickle. Then pile the egg yolk on top.

Set half an egg on a layer of finely shredded cabbage and cover with Russian dressing. Shredded lettuce, or chopped pickled beets, may be used instead of cabbage as a bed for the eggs to lie in.

Jellied Eggs

Pour one cup of hot, strained, canned raspberry juice over one-half package of prepared gelatin, raspberry flavor. Stir until dissolved. Empty eggshells, through a small hole at one end, and rinse the insides with cold water.

Fill the eggshells with the hot juice. A small funnel will make the process easier, although I used a tablespoon. Be sure the shells are full. Then set them in tiny jelly glasses and cool. Cherry or lemon flavor may be used instead of the raspberry, if desired. Maraschino is also good.

The shells may have tiny faces drawn on them or they may be dyed and covered with stars or other decoration and used as favors. (See illustration.) Or they may be removed, and the egg-shaped jelly inside may be served in a nest of grated coconut, or in a cake nest with whipped cream as a dessert.

Face West

(Continued from page 24)

reasons not at all concerned with her. Yet the incident troubled her as she hurried on toward home.

Back at the house Arley found her mother busy with the morning work. "Mother," she asked, "do you know why Uncle Joel lived alone so many years? I should think he would have married."

"I hadn't seen much of Joel of late years until I came West," answered Mrs. Wainwright. "He was older than I and if he had any disappointments I did not know of them. His friendships were few, but very dear to him, I think, and if he ever lost a friend it cut him deeply."

"That Mr. Dunstan whom I met coming West spoke of Uncle Joel," said Arley in quick recollection. "He told me they used to be friends once, but had disagreed in recent years. Did you know about that?"

"Your uncle seldom spoke of Peter Dunstan, but I could see there was great bitterness," Mrs. Wainwright answered. "Many years ago when they first came West together they were friends, but something happened to separate them."

"Didn't he tell you what?"

"I think Joel was interested in some marketing scheme," Mrs. Wainwright replied. "Dunstan had promised his support, but withdrew it suddenly and the venture failed. That was ten years ago, but I think he always felt his failure to make good in California was due to Dunstan."

Mrs. Wainwright was called into the yard to decide some problem for Aoki and Arley was left alone with her questions. The two men had started poor together, yet now Peter Dunstan was rich while Uncle Joel had stayed poor until the end. What had gone wrong?

Making good her half promise to Tom, Arley went to the Basin Corners on Saturday to watch his ball game. There she met Peter Dunstan, who, much to her surprise, turned out to be Tom's patron.

CHAPTER VI

Tom's team won their suits and the spring season opened auspiciously for Bear Basin's baseball team. And soon the orchards were decked in garments no less resplendent.

"I want to have the ranch contoured sometime when I can afford it," Philip told Arley one day as they watched Aoki riding furrows between the peach rows. And when she did not understand his meaning, he plunged into a detailed description of the way the fields could be laid off in checks for irrigation according to the elevation of the ground. "Dunstan's done it," Philip told her. "When he adopts a method, we generally follow suit."

Again Arley's thoughts turned to her burly new acquaintance. "There's no chance of inveigling Mr. Dunstan into our Growers' Association, is there?" she inquired of Philip. "He'd be a big help, I should say, with his money and his persuasive voice."

"The person would have to be a quick dodger who would broach that subject to Dunstan," declared Philip ruefully. "He seems to have a particular spleen against Cooperatives. I don't have any idea why."

"U-m." Arley puzzled. "But I can't seem

to get it out of my mind that he might help us. Some day I'm going to ask him."

"Do," Philip laughed. But though his words were teasing, his eyes glowed with sudden warmth. "I'll dare you to."

Arley's interest in Gloria had not confined itself to extra lessons. With Mrs. Hazen's help she made over her own garments to outfit the child with summer clothes, and Mrs. Wainwright was responsible for a glass of milk and sandwich on the pantry shelf which she taught Gloria to stop for each day on her way from school.

"Why don't you settle down in one place and get a steady job, Mr. Cleaver?" Arley asked one day, exasperated when she found him in listless indolence, sprawled in the sunshine before his door studying a road map. "It would be lots better for your family if you'd stop moving around."

"Oh, I dunno," responded Cleaver, twisting his shoulders to catch the genial warmth. "Some folks got a wanderlust. I guess that's me. Lib, too. Now she's gettin' better her feet'll be itchin' to go again."

"Then it isn't fair to Gloria," Arley persisted. "She ought to stay in one place and go to school."

Cleaver's good humor vanished in an ugly frown. "I don't know's I gotta twist my ways to suit that brat," he growled in surly rejoinder.

Arley went back to the house to pour her indignation into Martha Wainwright's kindly ears. What could be done for Gloria? Already, with sympathetic treatment, the child's eyes had begun to beam happiness and her wasted shrunken body was rounding into lines of natural beauty.

"Can't we do something to get her away from that awful man?" the girl begged. "He'll work her to death when she's old enough, just as he does his wife. I can't bear to think what she'll be. Despite her parents, she is, I'm sure, a superior child. Mother, I wish we could adopt her."

"I hardly see how we can take her, dear," Mrs. Wainwright's sweet face sobered anxiously. "There's so much to take care of right now I can hardly see the way out. Your education unfinished, and Tom's. Then this peach crop." She sighed. "I do hope it won't prove a mistake that we've joined in with the uncertain lot of the Growers."

"I guess we do have to look out for ourselves, Mother," admitted Arley. Heavy with a sense of responsibility, she donned her coveralls and went outdoors to battle with the weeds.

Next day, to the joy of everyone, clouds descended, and the Basin was drenched in a downpour long delayed but eagerly drunk up by the parched and thirsty soil.

"This'll put new life into the farmers," Will Hazen declared as he paid his neighbors a friendly call. "It'll make fresh pasture and we need it. But after such a rain it often turns cold, and I'd hate to see a frost now. The fruit's beginning to drop its sheath. It's a critical time all around."

All day and night the rain fell steadily. Then, with the morning, came the sun and a sudden drop in the temperature.

"We'll be all right if the wind keeps up," Will Hazen told Mrs. Wainwright. "Just the same, (Continued on page 47)"



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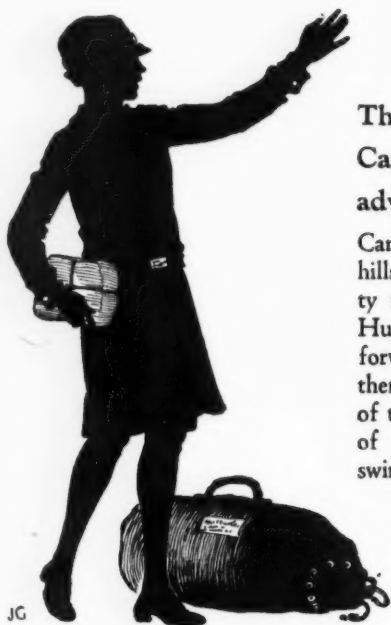
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The Careful Plumber

LADY: Are you the plumber?
PLUMBER: Yes, ma'am.

LADY: Well, be careful about your work. All my floors are highly polished and in excellent condition.

PLUMBER: Oh, don't worry about me, ma'am. I won't slip. I've got nails in me boots.—Sent by MARY KELLY, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



Food
for
the
Soul

The menu was printed in French but the gentleman who came in for dinner did not intend to admit his inability to read it. He took the bill-of-fare in his hands and studied it with an air of great intentness. Then he aimed a stout forefinger at a certain item near the top of the card and said to the waiter.

"To start off with, I'll take that!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the servitor, "but the orchestra is playing that!"—Sent by CONSTANCE COOLEY, New York City.

No Alternative

SHE: Oh, John, the woman next door has a hat exactly like mine.

HE: Now I suppose you'll want me to buy you a new one.

SHE: Well, dear, that would be cheaper than moving.—Sent by MURIEL SCHLAEGEL, San Jose, California.

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Expert

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MAID (to spring cleaning mistress): There are six men downstairs with vacuum cleaners. They say they have appointments to give demonstrations.

MISTRESS: Yes, I sent for them. Put them in different rooms and tell them to get busy.—Sent by JANET FLOBERG, Rockford, Illinois.

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Face West

(Continued from page 45)

I think you'd better bring in more help and have Aoki get the grove furrowed before night so you'll be ready to flood in case it seems likely to freeze."

Philip Brainerd also came by to offer counsel and help in the furrowing of the Wainwright orchard. "All these precautions may not be needed," he told Arley as they stood together a moment beside the gate, "but it's best to be prepared in case frost comes."

Arley smiled up at him as she pushed back the wisps of dark hair which the wind had loosened about her vivid cheeks. "I don't want frost, of course, but I'd like to have something happen now I'm all dressed for business. Do you like my costume?" She glanced mischievously at Philip, then down at the khaki coveralls she had donned.

"Not very well—on you," Philip looked at her earnestly.

"I thought you'd like me in farmer's togs," Arley's eyes danced roguishly. "They go with your great adventure, you know—raising food."

"But your quest is for beauty," Philip laid his brown hand on hers with sudden tenderness. "Perhaps, after all, you're right."

By sundown the orchards were furrowed. But, though the sky was cloudless, the wind was still blowing so briskly that both Philip and Singh decided there was little to fear from frost that night. Philip drove home to Orange Heights, and Aoki, wearied with long labor, ate his supper with his family and went to bed. Singh lingered, testing the operation of the pump and refilling empty smudge pots, while Arley followed him about, watching his preparations.

"How did you happen to get into this work, Singh?" she asked. "I know from all the talks we've had that you have an education. You were trained to some profession, surely."

"Yes, a lawyer," said the Hindu in a musical, low-pitched voice. "There are too many lawyers in my country." He threw out his hands in a gesture of futility. "My poor country! Her troubles follow me even here."

His work done, Singh departed, and Arley went in to help with the supper. After the dishes were put away she sat beside the fireplace with a book, dreamily watching the smoke curl up the chimney while she read or listened to gay tunes that floated in on the air. The same music she had so often danced to back East!

In the midst of her reverie the telephone rang sharply. Philip Brainerd's quick, emphatic tone came ringing over the wire. "Arley," he said, "the wind's gone down and the Weather Bureau's sending out warnings. I'm coming as fast as I can, but it'll be half an hour before I can get there. Get things started, won't you? Call Singh and wake Aoki to start your pump."

Arley turned from the telephone and stood for an instant, tense with thought. A crisis was upon them. Then, galvanizing for action, she flew to the kitchen to deliver Philip's message to her mother and throwing a coat about her shoulders snatched a flashlight from the kitchen shelf and rushed madly out into the frosty night.

Save for his years away at school Philip

Brainerd had lived all his life upon a fruit ranch and, though he had not had much experience with frost, he felt he knew how to act in the present crisis. As soon as he had finished telephoning Arley, he prepared to leave at once for Bear Basin.

Ruth came to stand anxiously by his side as he pulled on his boots and sheepskin inside the kitchen door. "Anyway, Phil, we can be glad our eggs aren't all in one basket," she said encouragingly. "Our oranges are picked and sold, so we won't starve even if there is a frost. It's not so good for the Wainwrights, is it, having just peaches?"

"No," admitted Philip, "it isn't. But it will put a big crimp in us, too, if we lose that crop tonight. And we mustn't think only of ourselves. There's every member of the Cooperative to be warned. Ruth," Philip turned to his sister with an alert keen glance, "that's something you can do. As soon as I'm gone get out that list in the top drawer of my desk and 'phone everyone that it's going to freeze and they must get out and flood their orchards right away."

With a swift "goodbye" to his sister Philip backed out his car and roared rapidly away down the familiar road to Bear Basin. As he drove he braced himself for the first act in the season's drama. This was a critical year, and its end would see either the loss of his Bear Basin ranch or its salvation and new hope for the growers.

He leaned out to feel the beat of air against his cheek as the car moved swiftly along. It was colder than when he left home, he felt certain, yet one could never be quite sure without an instrument. He glanced anxiously up at the sky, hoping for the sight of a few vagrant clouds. But the familiar constellations stared down at him, clear and dazzling, without even a saving film of haze between.

"Hey, there! Hello!"

The road had left the hills and was sweeping downward to the level when Philip perceived a stationary red tail light beside the highway and a wildly waving man making frantic gestures across the path. Some motorist in distress. He reluctantly threw on the brakes and paused to find out what was wrong.

"Well, say, thanks a lot for stopping," spoke the stalled motorist in evident relief. "A dozen cars have cut past me in the last half hour without even slowing down. I ran out of gas. Could you let me have a gallon to get me to the next station?"

Philip knew that suave cool voice. "Sure, Halliday," he said curtly. "I'll fix you up."

The newcomer, who in the glare of Philip's headlights had been plainly visible, now came nearer.

"Oh, so it's you, Brainerd." An amused metallic note replaced Halliday's smooth tone. "It's mighty good of you to help me out. Cold, isn't it? Almost cold enough to freeze." He broke into a thin laugh. "If it freezes, there won't be any peaches next summer, will there, Brainerd? I won't sign your prospects and you won't steal mine."

"Let's not talk about stealing," cut in Philip crisply. "I don't call the way you and Billings fleece the growers anything else. You had the Basin in a vise where it couldn't move until our Cooperative started."

"Tried to start, (Continued on page 50)"



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Face West

(Continued from page 47)

"You mean, old man," corrected Halliday. "You haven't dented the Packers, you know. Thanks a lot," he added as Philip completed a transfer of the gasoline.

"Then I'll be going along," Philip climbed into his car. "I've some flooding to do in my orchard tonight."

"Flooding, eh?" Halliday exclaimed. "Yes, it does feel like frost. Tough luck if we catch it. But say, hold on, Brainerd. A minute's delay won't ruin you, and I've been wanting a chance to talk to you this long while." He laid a detaining hand on the door of Philip's car. "Seriously, Brainerd, your Cooperative idea is all wrong for a loosely tied bunch like farmers. They won't stick and pull together. Now if you and I could team up," his voice softened persuasively, "Billings would give you a good break and you've got quite a drag with the Basin growers."

"What's the idea, Halliday?" Philip's voice shook with indignation. "Are you trying to buy me off? If you are—"

"No, of course, nothing like that," Halliday explained hastily, "I was just offering you a chance to get in where you could do yourself some good. Billings told me to speak to you."

"Listen, Halliday," Philip leaned forward and spoke in clear, cutting tones, "I'll never have anything to do with you and Billings and your methods."

Halliday shrugged. "Well, Brainerd, have it your own way. I'm just offering you a chance to get out before your organization goes. It's bound to crash, you know."

"Then I'll crash with it," Philip's eyes blazed with anger.

"Suit yourself," Halliday gave a short laugh and turned away.

Philip threw in the clutch and his car shot away through the darkness. Ten minutes later he turned into his own place.

Singh, in tall boots and heavy mackinaw, was plodding back and forth through the muddy orchard, guiding the flow of water poured out by the pump's rhythmic strokes. Philip stooped to feel the water.

"That water's easily thirty degrees warmer than the air outside," he declared.

Reassured by Singh's apparent competence, Philip's thoughts turned with concern to his neighbors. "Any news from the next place?" he asked. "I'm afraid they'll be badly worried. I think I'd better go over there and see how things are coming."

He climbed into his car and hurried up the road to the Wainwright place where he found both Tom and Arley out with lanterns and hoes assisting Aoki with the work.

"We've had a time of it," Arley confessed, coming to lean her tool against the gray roadster. "But I don't care how hard I work if only we can save the fruit. Do you think we can?" she asked anxiously.

"It's hard to tell how bad we'll catch it," Philip answered. "I wonder how cold it is."

"Almost freezing," Arley told him in a troubled voice. "Not quite—yet."

"It's going to freeze," Philip said gravely. "But I'm sure Aoki's doing all he can."

He took the lantern and strode about the orchard, watching the stream of water in the furrows, removing obstructions, and consulting Aoki about the work before he returned to where Arley stood. "You're do-

ing all right," he told her. "The thing is to keep the water flowing and the furrows open. Why can't Cleaver lend a hand?"

"I hadn't thought of him," said Arley. "I'll send Tom to call him, though it may take a regiment to make him work." She did so, then came back to stand with Philip.

He looked at her with troubled eyes. Her slender, oval face in the flare of the headlights looked pale and drawn and, in spite of a heavy sweater, an involuntary shiver shook her voice.

It was already past midnight. The bite of the still, frosty air stung their cheeks. The late moon had risen and its pale rays lay over the orchard.

They turned to go into the house, looking up through the branches of overhanging acacia at the warm light that streamed from the windows. Suddenly the house went dark.

"What now?" Arley halted in alarm.

The pump's whirring had ceased.

"Phil, what do you think it means?" Arley shrunk back in sudden fear.

Philip's arm went around her in a protecting gesture. "I—I don't know yet. Something's happened. But don't be afraid. I'll see."

Who switched off the lights? What further adventures are in store for Arley? Don't miss them in the May issue!

What has happened so far in the story.

Arley Wainwright, a student in an eastern college, is forced to leave school by the death of the uncle who was financing her education. The family estate on the Hudson is closed, waiting the return of a prodigal Uncle Anthony for settlement, and Arley starts for California to join her mother and young brother at the fruit ranch in Bear Basin on which they make their home. On the train she meets Peter Dunstan, who is also a fruit rancher at Bear Basin.

The train, still some miles from its destination develops a hot box and Arley gets out and walks around a bit. Suddenly she hears the whistle blow and an instant later the train is moving, leaving her stranded in strange country.

She hears some one say "hello," and looking up sees a young man who says his name is Philip Brainerd and who offers to give her a lift to the next station. Arley accepts and soon is greeting her family.

The next morning she meets Will Hazen, a neighboring ranchman who is discussing with Mrs. Wainwright plans for taking care of a destitute family named Cleaver. Hazen tells Mrs. Wainwright that he has joined a cooperative packers' organization, headed by Philip Brainerd. Brainerd has been trying to get financial backing, but the Packers' Union is a more firmly established organization and it has a strong grip.

Arley lunches with Brainerd and his sister, Ruth, and on their advice Arley's mother joins the Cooperative. A few days later Arley hears that the Hindu workers in the Basin are making trouble. Singh, Philip's workman, does not seem to be concerned in it, however.

About this time Arley begins to realize that life in the West is not so bad as she expected.

OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Rummage Sale

A live Girl Scout troop in a small town held a rummage sale which was quite a big success. Only nine articles were left unsold. These articles, shown in the illustration above, were placed on the "Special Sale" table over which the girls were to erect a sign listing the various items.

When they started to make the sign, they found that they were greatly limited as to space, so one of the girls, who was very clever, found that the names of these nine articles could be made to "overlap". That is, so the end of one word made the beginning of the next. For example, if they had "gloves, vest, stove, oven", they could overlap them to make "GLOVESTOVEN". With this method, the names of their nine articles which totaled fifty-one letters were reduced to thirty-five. The result was rather unique, as you will see when you have filled in the spaces in the picture above.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. To deceive.
2. To cut into equal parts.
3. A feminine name.
4. To turn away.
5. Temporary dwellings.

By JANE EVA DUNCAN, Nashville, Tennessee.

A Charade

My first is in lake, but not in pond.
My second, in rod, is never in wand.
My third is in night, but not in day.
My fourth is in go, but never in stay.
My fifth is in fast, but never in slow.
My sixth is in yes, but never in no.
My seventh, in girl, is not in boy.
My eighth, in lament, is never in joy.
My ninth is in shop, but not in buy.
My tenth is in wet, but never in dry.
My whole is a poet who has won great fame.

And I leave it to you to guess his name.
By ETHEL SEAL, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, nine new words will be formed. The nine added

letters will spell the name of a southern country.

1. Part 2. Age 3. Ale 4. At 5. Ear 6. Able
7. Deal 8. Ode 9. Mend.

By MARIE HEDGPETH, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Concealed Presidents

The names of seven Presidents are hidden in each one of the following sentences:

1. The Chinaman, Sing, ran to the grocery store.
2. The common roebuck is very much like a deer.
3. I saw Jack, so now let's talk about our party.
4. The hay escaped the storm by being hauled away.
5. The ground is hard in Georgia certain times of the year.
6. A dam's walls should be very strong.
7. The Hawaiian sugar fields produce many tons each year.

By GEORGIA MACPHERSON, Woodland, California.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change DOG to CAT in five moves.
By BEVERLY BOYD, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

Two men applied for the same job. They both died. Who got the job?
By ELINOR H. JONES, Oak Park, Illinois.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

VALENTINE GREETINGS:

E S K I M O
A S H C A N E S
K E T T L E S
D I S T H E S L
(Esther) F U N N E L
A R C H E R

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

B I B L E
I D E A S
B E A U S
L A U R A
E S S A Y

A CHARADE: PEONY.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell EVANGELINE.

ENIGMA: Shakespeare.

CONCEALED TREES: 1. Oak 2. Willow 3. Ash 4. Linden 5. Maple

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: The letter N.

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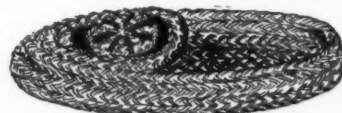
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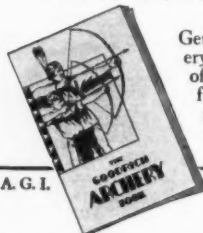


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Above is the Breezie, a smart canvas sport oxford, which may be had with either black or brown trimming. The pneumatic heel and sole make it particularly comfortable. On the opposite page—by the Wampum Card—you will see another Goodrich Shoe, the Bryn Mawr. This is a very useful shoe, excellent for tennis, basketball, hiking and camp wear. You need both in your spring outfit.



Get this free Archery Book and Rules of the Contest from your Goodrich dealer or mail the coupon.

Join the Goodrich Archery Contest and shoot your way to a fine prize! No matter if you have never drawn a bow before. You can soon learn to be a good shot by following the directions in the "Goodrich Archery Book," which has been prepared to help you!

You'll like Archery immensely. Boys and girls, men and women—all over the country—are taking up archery today. At the leading women's colleges archery has once more become one of the most popular sports.

The "Goodrich Archery Book" contains complete information on shooting, holding tournaments and how to play many thrilling Indian archery games! Any Goodrich dealer will give it to you, together with a free target face, score sheets and the rules of the contest. So get them at once and start practicing

out in the back yard or in the cellar or attic. The more you practice, the better chance you have to win! Contest closes August 31st.

Wear Comfortable Sport Shoes for Archery

In Archery, as in all other sports, the shoes you wear are important. Your feet must stay springy, comfortable, untired for hours at a time. The B. F. Goodrich Company' conducting this contest makes many excellent canvas sport shoes. Two trim, comfortable models are pictured here—the Bryn Mawr and the Breezie. Either would be suitable for archery, and general wear. . . . But they are only two of the many attractive Goodrich Sport Shoes designed especially for girls. So look at several when you go to the dealer's store to enter the Archery Contest.

A. G. I.

B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.

Gentlemen—Please send me a copy of the "Goodrich Archery Book" (telling how to shoot, hold tournaments, etc.), and the Rules of the Goodrich Archery Contest.

Name _____

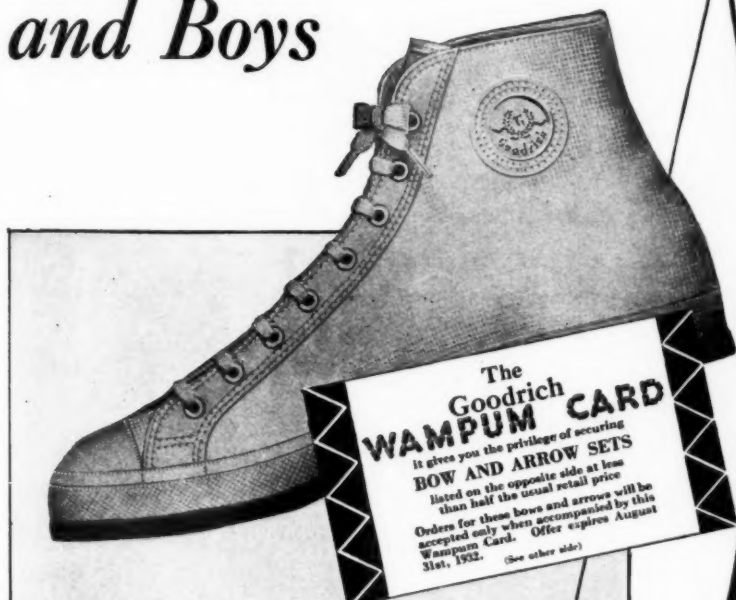
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If you don't feel able to buy a Bow and Arrow Set yourself, form an "Indian Tribe" with three of your friends and get it together! . . . (Be sure to get the WAMPUM CARD when buying Goodrich Shoes!)

Shoes

My Hobby

By HOPE ELLIOTT



BY THE time brown earth begins to peep from its snow bed, gardening fever has me firmly in its grip, and I do not emerge until every plant looks dried and dead and winter brings snow again.

A garden gives back in beauty or food, in strength and fun, all that is put into it, and gives it back a hundredfold. It teaches never-to-be-forgotten lessons, too. Some are simple lessons, some very hard, but all are valuable, and most of them are enjoyable.

Of course, I have always had a tiny garden, but this year I had a rather large plot—twenty by forty feet. I had spaded it without help, hoed and raked it before the rest of the neighborhood had even begun to think about gardens. I didn't try to carry out any definite plan this summer—I just experimented to find what kind of flowers would grow best in this soil, to ascertain their height and color.

After I had planted a few seeds, I decided to make a pool from stones which had been taken out of Mother's garden when it was prepared. First I dug a circle about five feet across, while the neighbors looked on and laughed and said I would never finish it. I vowed right then to finish it or die in the attempt. When the stones were all in, the hole was about eighteen inches deep. However, I had tramped around there so much that the ground all had to be spaded again. I had planned to put cement between the stones, but we had none at the time, and besides, Dad said that it would crack in cold weather. So I was "on the fence" about my pool for a very long time. I couldn't seem to make up my mind what to do with it.

Then one of the miniature golf courses built a pool which seemed to be made of stones. I looked it over to find its real construction. It is really concrete with the stones set in the sides. A few days later, I had all the stones out of the hole I made for my pool and took out the larger ones, which will be used for a rock garden. The smaller stones will be set in concrete around the sides of the pool. I shall wait until spring before putting in the cement, so that there will be less danger of its cracking. Next August or September, I will transplant my irises to the edge of the pool, and have a freely blooming rock garden, I hope. It will be higher than the real garden, and possibly there will be a second pool in among the rocks, which will overflow into a rocky little channel leading to the older, larger pool.

Next year I expect to have a very beautiful garden. It will be divided by grassy paths into several beds, each of them having but one or two kinds of flowers, planted according to color and height. In the background will be the rock garden, with a rustic trellis where sweet peas climb, and perhaps the two pools with the trickling little stream between. And it will be a lovely place in which to spend some of my leisure hours with a friend or a book for company.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER. He is one of America's foremost humorists and the creator of our own Jo Ann who, by the way, is soon going to be in a book. Although he is known as a writer for adults, he has written for both boys and girls with remarkable success.

Jo Ann has become so popular that THE AMERICAN GIRL offices are overwhelmed with letters asking for more stories about her. And we are going to have some. Mr. Butler believes Jo Ann is going to enter a new phase—that instead of nursing her enmity with Tommy, she and Wicky and Tommy and Ted are "going adventuring together, a sort of Four Musketeers."



MARGARET YOUNG LULL. The author of our serial, *Face West*, has written several short stories and books for girls. She is particularly well qualified to write about southern California, since her home is in Sacramento and she knows that section

well. We hope to have some short stories by Mrs. Lull when her serial is ended.

GURNEY WILLIAMS. You know Gurney Williams, through his Mary Ellen stories. Mr. Williams, until recently, was a student at Ann Arbor, Michigan; that is where he met Mary Ellen's friends. He says that

Mary Ellen herself is the product of his imagination because he doesn't know any girl quite like her. While he was in college he found time to write for newspapers and magazines, and now he is in New York, still writing amusingly and planning new exploits of Mary Ellen.



MARGARET NORRIS. Being a sociable person she likes to interview interesting people, and she has interviewed all sorts, from fire chiefs to prima donnas and statesmen. Before she became a magazine writer she was a reporter on a Chi-

cago newspaper where her job was to interview everyone famous and infamous in the news. "I grew up on an Illinois farm," says Miss Norris, "climbing trees and riding Shetland ponies. Now I live in New York and find I'm obliged to get most of my exercise on a typewriter."

COMING! May will bring you a fascinating story by Alice Dyar Russell, *Everybody Has Adventures*, as well as a gypsy story by Cora Morris and a new adventure of your favorite red-head, Scatter. You will want to read, too, the interview in which Helen Wills Moody speaks especially to readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL. And did you know that it is quite the thing now to knit your own sweaters? Everyone, it seems, is taking it up. So, not to be behind the fashion we are giving directions next month for making a few simple sweaters, one of which can easily be finished over a week end.

The June number of THE AMERICAN GIRL will be full of exciting things, among them a thrilling mystery story. We'll tell you more about our future plans on this page next month.

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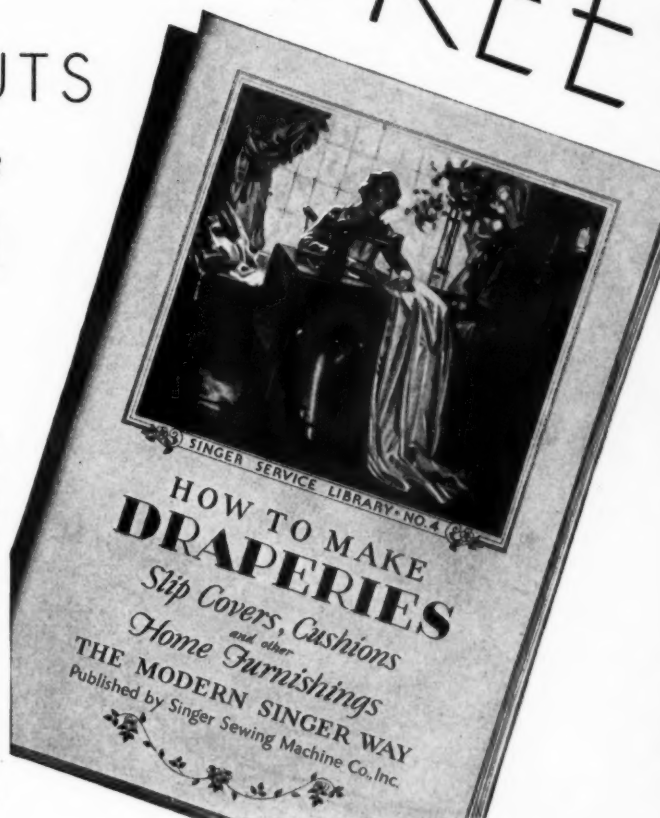
**Your Rooms and
"Little Homes"**

HERE is a book that comes to you just in time to help you in redecorating your own room at home or the "Little Home" of your Girl Scout Troop.

"How to Make Draperies" tells you about the different kinds of curtains and draperies and shows the types that are appropriate for various rooms and various sizes of windows. It tells you what fabrics and colors you should use.

Then it gives you step by step directions for making glass and casement curtains, lined and unlined draperies, and novelty draperies and valances. It also gives simple illustrated directions for making slip covers for furniture, cushions, bed coverings, dressing tables, sewing baskets and bags, and other fabric furnishings.

To help all Girl Scouts in the redecorating of their rooms this spring, the Singer Sewing Machine Company is offering this



book free. To get your copy simply fill in and send the coupon below.

Also, the instructor at the Singer Shop near your home will be glad to give you personal help in planning and making curtains and draperies for your room. Look in your telephone directory for the nearest address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

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